

POEMS

On Several

OCCASIONS.

By the R. H. the *E.* of *R.*



L O N D O N:

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55 (3)

*An Epistolary Essay from
M. G. to O. B. upon
their Mutual Poems.*

Dear Sir,

I Hear this Town does so abound
With sawcy Censures, that Faults are found
With what, of late, we (in Poetick rage)
Bestowing, threw away on the dull Age :
But (how soe're Envy, their Spleens may raise,
To rob my Brows of the deserved Bays)
Their thanks, at least, I merit, since through me,
They are partakers of your Poetry :
And this is all I'll say in my defence
T'obtain one Line of your well worded sence, }
I'd be content to have writ the *British Prince*. }
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd,
But from a Rule I have (upon long tryal)
T'avoid with care all sort of self denyal.
Which way soe're Desire, and Fancy lead,
(Contemning Fame) that Path I boldly tread ;
And if, exposing what I take for Wit, }
To my dear self a Pleasure I beget, }
No matter tho the Cens'ring Criticks fret.
Those whom my Muse displeases, are at strife,
With equal spleen against my Course of Life.

The least delight of which I'll not forgo,
 For all the flat'ring praise, *Man* can bestow.
 If I design'd to please, the way were then,
 To mend my maners rather than my Pen:
 The first's unnatural, therefore unfit,
 And for the second, I despair of it,
 Since Grace is near as hard to get as Wit.
 Perhaps ill Verses ought to be confin'd,
 In meer good Breeding, like unsav'ry Wind:
 Were reading forc'd, I shou'd be apt to think,
 Men might no more write scurvily than stink:
 But 'tis your choice, whether you'l read or no,
 If likewise of your smelling it were so,
 I'd Fart just as I write, for my own ease,
 Nor shou'd you be concern'd unless you please.
 I'll own, that you write better than I do,
 But I have as much need to write as you.
 What though the Excrements of my dull Brain,
 Flows in a harsher and insipid strain;
 Whilst your rich Head eases it self of Wit,
 Must none but *Civet Cats* have leave to shit?
 In all I write, shou'd Sence, and Wit, and Rhyme,
 Fail me at once, yet something so sublime,
 Shall stamp my Poem, that the World may see,
 It could have been produc'd by none but me;
 And that's my end for *Man* can wish no more,
 Than so to write, as none e're writ before,
 Yet why am I no Poet of the Times,
 I have Allusions, Similies and Rhymes,
 And Wit, or else 'tis hard that I alone,
 Of the whole Race of Mankind shou'd have none.

Unequally the giving Hand of Heav'n,
 Has all but this one only Blessing giv'n.
 The World appears like a great Family,
 Whose Lord oppress'd with Pride and Poverty,
 That to a few great Bounty he may show,
 Is fain to starve the num'rous Train below.
 Just so seems Fortune, she's as poor and vain,
 In striving to support, but can't maintain.
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
 And for one Prince, it makes ten thousand Slaves.
 In Wit alone, 't has been Magnificent,
 Of which so just a share to each is sent,
 That the most Avaricious are content.
 For none e're thought (the due Division's such)
 His own too little, or his Friends too much.
 Yet most Men shew, or find great want of Wit,
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ;
 But I, who am of sprightly Vigour full,
 Look on Mankind, as envious and dull.
 Born to my self, my self I like alone,
 And must conclude my Judgment good, or none.
 For could my sense be naught, how shou'd I
 Whether another Man's were good or no? (know,
 Thus I resolve on my own Poetry,
 That 'tis the best, and there's a Fame for me.
 If then I'm happy, what does it advance,
 Whether to Merit due, or Arrogance?
 Oh! but the World will take offence hereby,
 Why then the World shall suffer for't, not I:
 Did e're the sawcy World and I agree,
 To let it have its beastly will on me.

Why should my prostituted sence be drawn;
 To ev'ry Rule their musty Customs spawn?
 But Men will censure you; 'Tis two to one,
 When e're they censure they'll be in the wrong.
 There's not a thing on Earth that I can name,
 So foolish, and so false, as common Fame.
 It calls the Courtier Knave, the plain Man rude;
 Haughty the Grave, and the Delightful lewd,
 Impertinent the Brisk, Morose the Staid,
 Mean the Familiar, the Reserv'd one mad.
 Poor helpless Woman is not favour'd more,
 She's a sly Hippocrite, or publick Whore.
 Then who the Devil would give this---to be free
 From th' Innocent reproach of Infamy?
 These things consider'd make me (in despite
 Of idle Rumour) keep at home and write.

S A T Y R.

WEre I (who to my Cost already am, (Man
 One of those strange prodigious Creatures
 A Spirit free to chuse for my own share,
 What case of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to
 (wear }
 I'd be a *Dog*, a *Monkey*, or a *Bear*,
 Or any thing, but that vain *Animal*,
 Who is so proud of being Rational.

The

The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
 A sixth to contradict the other five;
 And before certain Instinct will prefer
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
 Reason that *Ignis fatuus* in the Mind,
 Which leaving light of Nature (Sense) behind;
 Pathless and dang'rous wandering ways it takes,
 Thro *Errors*, *Fenny Boggs* and *Thorny Brakes*;
 Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain
 Mountains of whimsies, heap'd in his own Brain:
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls head-
 (long down,
 Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where I ke to drown,
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try,
 To swim with Bladders of *Philosophy* :
 In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping Light
 The *Vapour* dances in his dazzling light,
 Till spent it leaves him to Eternal Night,
 Then old Age and Experience hand in hand,
 Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
 After a search so painful and so long,
 That all his Life he has been in the wrong :
 Hudled in Dirt the reasoning *Engine* lies,
 Who was so Proud, so Wi ty, and so Wise.
 Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles
 (catch,
 And makes him venture to be made a Wretch.
 His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know that World he should enjoy;
 And Wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
 Of pleasing others at his own expence.

For Wits are treated just like common Whores;
 First they're enjoy'd and then kickt out of Doors,
 The Pleasure past, a threatning Doubt remains,
 That frights th' Enjoyer with succeeding pains.
 Women and Men of Wit are dangerous Tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

Pleasure allures, and when the *Fops* escape,
 'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate, }
 And therefore what they fear at least they hate }
 And now methinks some formal Band and Beard,
 Takes me to task; Come on Sir, I'm prepar'd.

Then by your favour any thing that's writ
 Against this gibeing gingling knack call'd Wit,
 Likes me abundantly, but you'l take care,
 Upon this point not to be too severe.

Perhaps my *Muse*, were fitter for this part,
 For I profess I can be very smart }

On Wit which I abhor with all my heart :

I long to lash it in some sharp Essay,
 But your grand Indiscretion bids me stay; }
 And turns my Tide of Ink another way. }

What Rage ferments in your degen'rate Mind,
 To make you rail at Reason and Mankind?
 Blest glorious Man! to whom alone kind Heav'n,
 An everlasting Soul has freely giv'n;

Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
 That from himself he did the Image take;
 And this fair frame in shining Reason drest,
 To dignifie his Nature above Beast.

Reason, by whose aspiring influence,
 We take a flight beyond material Sense,

Dive into Mysteries, then soaring pierce
 The flaming limits of the Universe,
 Search Heaven and Hell, find out what's acted there,
 And give the World true grounds of Hope and Fear.
 Hold mighty Man, I cry, all this we know,
 From the Pathetick Pen of Ingelo;
 From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Colloquies,
 And 'tis this very Reason I despise.
 This supernatural Gift that makes a Mite,
 Think he's the Image of the Infinite:
 Comparing his short Life, void of all rest,
 To the Eternal, and the ever blest.
 This busie, puzzling stirrer up of Doubt,
 That frames deep Mysteries, then finds 'em out;
 Filling with frantick Crowds of thinking Fools,
 Those Reverend Bedlams, Colleges and Schools.
 Born on whose Wings, each heavy Sot can pierce
 The Limits of the boundless Universe:
 So charming Ointments make an old Witch flie,
 And bear a crippled Carcass thro' the Skie,
 'Tis this exalted pow'r, whose bus'ness lies
 In Nonsense and Impossibilities:
 This made a whimsical Philosopher,
 Before the spacious World his Tub prefer.
 And we have modern cloyster'd Goxcombs, who
 Retire to think, cause they have naught to do.
 But Thoughts were giv'n for Actions Govern-
 (ment,
 Where Action ceases Thought's impertinent.
 Our Sphere of Action is Life's happiness,
 And he who thinks beyond thinks like an Ass.

Thus

(10)
Thus, whilst against false Reas'ning I inveigh;
I own right Reason, which I wou'd obey:
That Reason, that distinguishes by sense,
And gives us Rules of Good and Ill from thence:
That bounds desires with a reforming will,
To keep 'em more in vigour, not to kill
Your Reason hinders, mine helps t'enjoy;
Renewing Appetites yours wou'd destroy:
My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat;
Hunger calls out, my Reason bids me eat,
Perversly yours your Appetite does mock,
This asks for Food, that answers what's a Clock?
This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures,
Tis not *true* Reason I dispise, but *yours*.

Thus I think Reason righted; but for Man,
I'll ne're recant, defend him if you can.
For all his Pride, and his Philosophy, }
'Tis evident, Beasts are in their degree
As wise at least, and act as well as he.

Those Creatures are the wisest who attain,
By surest means, the ends at which they aim:
If therefore *Fowler* finds, and kills his *Hare*,
Better than those supply'd Committee Chair;
Though one a Man was, the other but a *Hound*,
Fowler in Justice would be wiser found.

You see how far Mans wisdom here extends;
Look next if Humane Nature makes amends;
Whose Principles most generous are and just,
And to whose Morals you wou'd sooner trust.
Be Judge your self, I'll bring it to the Test,
Which is the basest Creature, Man or Beast?

Birds.

Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey;
 But Savage-Man alone does Man betray:
 Press'd by Necessity *they* kill for Food,
 Man undoes Man, to do himself no good:
 With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, they
 Natures allowance to supply their want; (hunt
 But Man, with smiles, embraces friendships praise,
 Inhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays;
 With voluntary pains works his distress,
 Not through Necessity, but Wantonness.
 For Hunger or for Love *they* bite or tear,
 Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for fear;
 For fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid.
 By Fear to fear successively betray'd:
 Base Fear the source whence his best Passions

(came.

His boasted Honour and his dear bought Fame.
 That lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a Slave,
 And for the which alone he dares be brave:
 To which his various Projects are design'd,
 Which makes him gen'rous, affable and kind;
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
 And screws his Actions in a forc'd disguise;
 Leading a tedious Life in misery,
 Under laborious mean Hypocrisy.
 Look to the bottom of his vast Design,
 Wherein Man's Wisdom, Power and Glory join.
 The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure;
 'Tis all from Fear to make himself secure:
 Meerly for safety, after Fame we thirst,
 For all Men wou'd be Cowards if they durst;

And

And Honest's against all common sense,
Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own defence.
Mankind's dishonest: If you think it fair,
Amongst known Cheats to play upon the square,
You'll be undone —

Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save,
The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.
Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.
Thus, Sir, you see what human Nature craves,
Most Men are Cowards, most Men would be
(Knaves.

The difference lies (as far as I can see)
Not in the thing itself, but the degree;
And all the subject matter of debate,
Is only who's a Knave of the first Rate?

All this with Indignation have I hurl'd
At the pretending part of the proud World,
Who sworn with selfish Vanity, devise
False freedoms, holy Cheats and formal Lyes,
Over their fellow Slaves to tyrannize.

But if at all so just a Man there be,
(At all a just Man of that blest degree)
Who does his needful flattery direct,
Not to oppress and ruine, but protect;
Since flattery which way so ever laid,
Is still a tax on that unhappy Trade.
If so upright a Patriot you can find,
Whose Passions bend to his unbiass'd Mind;
Who does his Arts and Policies apply,
To raise his Country, not his Family;

Who

Who boldly fatal Avarice withstands, (Hands.
And tempting Bribes from Friends corrupted

Is there a Mortal who on God relies?

Whose Life, his Faith and Doctrine justifies?

Not one blown up with vain aspiring Pride.

Who for reproof of Sins does Man deride :

Whose envious heart with sawcy Eloquence,

Dares chide at Kings, and rail at Men of sense.

Who in his talking vents more peevish Lies,

More bitter Railings, Scandals, Calumnies,

Then at a Gossiping are thrown about, [out.

When the good Wives get drunk, and then fall

None of that sensual Tribe whose talents lye,

In Avarice, Pride, Sloth and Gluttony.

Who hunt Preferment, but abhor good Lives, }

Whose Lust exalted, to that height arrives, }

They act Adult'ry with their Neighbour's }

(Wives.

And e'er a score of Years compleated be, }

Can from the lofty Stage of Honour see, }

Half a large Parish their own Progeny }

Nor doating He, who fain wou'd be ador'd,

For domineering when at's height he's soar'd,

A greater Fop in business at fourscore,

Fonder of serious toys, affected more,

Than the gay glit'ring Fool at twenty proves,

With all his noise, his tawdry Cloaths and Loves.

But a meek humble Man of modest sence,

Who preaching Peace, does practise Continnence ;

Whose pious Life's a proof he does believe

Misterious Truths which no Man can conceive.

If upon Earth there dwell such Godlike Men,
 I'll here recant my Paradox to them ;
 Adore those Shrines of Vertue, Homage pay,
 And with the thinking World their Laws obey
 If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
 Man differs more from Man than Man from Beasts

A Ramble in St. James's Park.

Much Wine had past with grave discourse,
 Of who kist who, and who does worse ;
 Such as you usually do hear,
 From them that dyet at the *Bear* ;
 When I, who still take care to see,
 How squares are carry'd and things agree :
 Went out into *St. James's Park*,
 To cool my Head, and fire my Heart :
 But though *St. James's* has the Honour on'r,
 'Tis consecrate to each Gallant,
 There by a most incest'ous Birth,
 Strange Woods spring from the teeming Earth
 For they relate how heretofore,
 When ancient *Pick* began to whore,
 Deluded of his Assignment,
 (Jilting it seems was then in fashion)
 Poor pensive Lover in this Place,
 Would weep upon his Mothers Face,

When

Whence rows of *Mandrakes* tall did rise,
Whose lofty tops near reach the Skies.

Each imitative Branch does twine,

In some lov'd fold of *Arctine* :

And Nightly now beneath their shade,

Are amorous charming Ditties made.

Unto this All-love-sheltring Grove,

Lasses of the bulk of the Alcove.

Great Ladies, Chamber-maids and Drudges ;

The Rag-picker and Heiress trudges :

Carmen, Divines, great Lords and Taylors,

Prentices, Pimps, Poets and Goalers,

Footmen, fine Fops do here arrive,

And here promiscuously they strive.

Along these hollow'd Walks it was,

That I beheld *Corinna* pass ;

Who ever had been by to see,

The proud disdain she cast on me,

Through charming Eyes, he would have sworn

She dropt from Heaven that very hour ;

Forfaking the Divine abode,

In scorn of some despairing God :

But mark what Creatures Women are,

So infinitely vile and fair.

Three Knights o'th' Elbow and the Slur,

With wrigling tails made up to her.

The first was of your upstart Blades,

Near kin to her that rules the Maids,

Grac'd by whose Favour he was able

To bring a Friend to the Waiters Table.

Where he had heard Sir *Edward Sutton*.

Say how the King lov'd *Bansted Mutton*.

Since

Since when he'd ne'er be brought to eat,
 By's good will any other Meat,
 In this, as well as all the rest,
 He ventures to do like the best :
 But wanting common Sense, th'Ingredient,
 In chusing well not least expedient,
 Converts abortive Imitation,
 To universal Affectation ;
 So he not only eats and talks,
 But feels and finells, sits down and walks,
 Nay looks and lives and loves by rote,
 In an old tawdry Birth-day Coat.

The second was a *Grays-Inn* Wit,
 A great inhabiter of the Pit :
 Where Critick-like he sits and squints,
 Steals Pocket Handkerchiefs, and hints,
 From's Neighbour and the Comedy,
 To court and pay his Landlady.

The third a Ladies eldest Son,
 Within few Years of twenty one ;
 Who hopes from his propitious Fate,
 Against he comes to his Estate,
 By these two Worthies to be made
 A most accomplisht tearing Blade.
 One in a strain 'twixt tune and nonsense,
 Cries, *Madam I have lov'd you long since,*
Permit me your fair Hand to kiss.
 When at her Mouth her Heart says, Yes :
 In short, without much more ado,
 Joyful and pleas'd away she flew ;
 And with these three confounded Asses,
 From Park to Hackney-Coach she passes.

So a proud Bitch does lead about,
 Of humble Curs, the amorous rout,
 Who most obsequiously does hunt,
 Their female Trull by her strong scent:
 Some pow'r more patient now relate,
 The sence of this surpriz'd Fate.
 Gods! that a thing admir'd by me,
 Should taste so much of Infamy;
 Had she pickt out to rub her Arse on,
 Some well hung Clown or greasy Boatswain,
 Each job of whose well manag'd Sluce
 Had fill'd her up with wholsom Juice,
 I the proceeding shou'd have prais'd,
 In hopes she'd quench a Fire I rais'd:
 Such nat'ral freedoms are but just,
 There's something gen'rous in meer Lust.
 But to turn damn'd abandon'd *Fade*,
 When neither *Head* nor *Tail* perswade;
 The *Devil* play'd booty sure with thee,
 To bring a blot of Infamy.
 But why was I of all *Mankind*,
 To so severe a Fate design'd?
 Ungrateful! why this Treachery
 To humble, fond, believing me?
 Who gave you Priviledges above
 The nice allowances of Love?
 Did ever I refuse to bear
 The meanest part your Love cou'd spare?
 When you, lewd you, came Chaired home,
 Drencht with the Juice of half the Town;
 My dram of Love was supt up after,
 For the digestive Surfeit Water.

Full gorged at another time,
 With a vast *Meal* not fit to name;
 which your devouring *Tail* had drawn,
 From *Porters Back* and *Footmens Brawn*:
 I was content to serve you up,
 My little *Mite* for your *Grace Cup*;
 Nor never thought it an abuse,
 While you had pleasure for Excuse.
 You that cou'd make my Heart away,
 For noise and colours and betray
 The secrets of my tender hours,
 To such *Knight Errant Paramours*;
 When leaning on your faithless Breast,
 Wrapt in security and rest,
 Soft kindness all my pow'rs did move,
 And Reason lay desolv'd in Love.

May stinking *Vapours* choak your *Womb*,
 Such as the *Men* you dote upon;
 May your depraved Appetite,
 That could in whiffing *Fools* delight,
 Beget such *Frenzies* in your Mind,
 You may go mad for the *North-wind*,
 And fixing all your hopes on it,
 To have him bluster in your *Pit*.
 Turn up your longing *Tail* to th' Air,
 And perish in a wild despair.

But *Cowards* shall forget to rant,
School boys to play and *Whores* to paint:
 The *Jesuits Fraternity*
 Shall leave the use of *Cruelty*,
 Low things inspir'd with *Grace Divine*,
 From *Earthly Ball* to *Heav'n* shall climb:

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Physicians shall for nothing ease us,
 And disobedience cease to please us;
 E'er I desist with all my power,
 To plague this *Woman* and undo her :
 But my *Revenge* will best be tim'd,
 When she is marry'd, that is lym'd ;
 In that most lamentable state,
 I'll make her feel my scorn and hate ;
 Pelt her with *Scandals*, *Truth* or *Lies*,
 And her poor *Cur* with *Jealousies* ;
 Till I have torn him from her *Breech*,
 Whilst she do's whine for what's past reach.
 Loath'd and depriv'd, kickt out of *Town*,
 Into some dirty hole alone,
 To chew the *Cud* of misery,
 And know she owes it all to me.
 And may no *Woman* better thrive,
 Who dare prophane the thing I love.

*A Letter fancied from Artemisa in
 the Town, to Cloe in the Coun-
 try.*

C*Loe*, by your command in Verse I write,
 Shortly you'l bid me ride astride and fight ;
 Such Talents better with our Sex agree,
 Than lofty flights of dang'rous Poetry.

Amongst

Amonst the Men, I mean the Men of Wit,
 (At least they pass for such before they writ)
 How many bold advent'ers for the *Bays*,
 Proudly designing large returns of Praise,
 Who durst that stormy *Pathless World* explore,
 Were soon dash't back, and wreckt on the dull
 (shore,)

Broke of that little stock they had before.
 How wou'd a Womans tottring *Barque* be tost,
 Where stoutest Ship, the Men of Wit, are lost,
 When I reflect on this I strait grow wise,
 And my own self I gravely thus advise.

Dear *Artimisa* Poetry's a snare,
Bedlam has many *Mansions*, have a care,
 Your Muse diverts you, makes the Reader sad,
 You think your self inspir'd, he thinks you mad,
 Thus like an arrant Woman as I am,
 No sooner well convinc'd Writings a shame,
 That Whore is scarce a more reproachful name,
 Than *Poetess*.——

Like Men that marry, or like Maids that woe,
 Because it is the worst thing they can do;
 Pleas'd with the contradiction and the Sin,
 Methinks I stand on Thorns till I begin.

Y'expect to hear at least what Love has past
 In this lewd Town, since you and I saw last:
 What change has happen'd of *Intrigues*, and
 (whether,

The old ones last, and who and who's together
 But how (my dearest *Cloe*) should I set
 My Pen to write, what I would fain forget?

Or name the lost Thing Love without a Tear;
 Since so debauch'd by ill bred Customs here?
 Love, the most generous Passion of the Mind,
 The softest refuge Innocence can find.
 The safe director of unguided Youth,
 Fraught with kind wishes and secur'd by Truth;
 That Cordial drop Heav'n in our Cup has
 (thrown.

To make the nauseous draught of life go down ;
 On which one only Blessing God might raise,
 In Lands of *Atheists Subsidies* of praise ;
 For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
 But felt a God, and blest his pow'r in Love:
 This only Joy for which poor we were made,
 Is grown, like play, to be an arrant Trade ;
 The *Rooks* creep in, and it has got of late,
 As many little cheats and tricks as that :
 But what yet more a Womans heart would vex,
 'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own Sex,
 Oh silly Sex ! tho born like Monarchs free }
 Turn *Gipsies* for a meaner liberty, }
 And hate restraint, though but from Infamy. }
 They call whatever is not common, nice, }
 And deaf to Nature's Rule, or Love's advice, }
 Forsake the pleasure to pursue the Vice. }
 To an exact perfection they have brought,
 The Action Love the Passion is forgot ;
 'Tis below Wit they tell you to admire,
 And ev'n without approving they desire :
 Their private wish obeys the publick voice ;

(choice ;

Or Twixt good and bad, whimsey decides, not
 Fashions

Fashion's grown up for taste, at forms they strike,
 They know what they would have, not what
 (they like.

Bovy's a Beauty, if some few agree
 To call him so, the rest to that degree,
 Affected are, that with their Ears they see.

Where I was visiting the other Night,
 Comes a fine Lady with her humble Knight,
 Who had prevail'd with her, thro her own skill
 At his request, tho much against his will,
 To come to *London*——

As the Coach stoppt, I heard her voice more loud,
 Then a great belly'd Woman's in a Croud,
 Telling the Knight that her Affairs require
 He for some hours obsequiously retire.

I think she was asham'd he should be seen
 Hard fate of Husband, the Gallant had been,
 Tho a diseas'd ill favour'd Fool brought in.
 Dispatch, says she, the Bus'ness you pretend,
 Your beastly visit to your drunken Friend ;
 A Bottle ever makes you look so fine ;
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of Wine :
 Your Country drinking Breath's enough to kill,
 Sowre Ale corrected with a Lemon pill ;

Prithee farewell, we'l meet again anon,
 The necessary Thing bows and is gone.
 She flies up stairs, and all the haste does show,
 That fifty antick Postures will allow.

And then burst out—— *Dear Madam am not I*
The strangest alter'd Creature let me dye,
I find myself rediculously grown,
Embarrest with my being out of Town :

Rude,

Rude and untaught, like any Indian Queen,
 My Country nakedness is strangely seen.
 How is Love govern'd, Love that rules the state,
 And pray who are the Men most worn of late?
 When I was marry'd, Fools were All a-mode,
 Four Men of Wit were then held incommode,
 Slow of belief, and fickle in desire,
 Who, e'er they'l be perswaded, must enquire,
 As if they came to spy, not to admire.
 With searching Wisdom, fatal to their ease,
 They find out why, what may, and shou'd not please.
 Nay take themselves for injur'd when we dare,
 Make them think better of us than we are:
 And if we hide our frailties from their sights,
 Call us deceitful Filts and Hippocrites;
 They little guess (who at our Arts are griev'd)
 The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd:
 Inquisitive as jealous Cuckolds grow;
 Rather than not be knowing they will know,
 What being known creates their certain woe.
 Women should these of all Mankind avoid,
 For wonder by clear knowledge is destroy'd;
 Woman, who is an errant Bird of Night,
 Bold in the dusk before a Fools dull sight,
 Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring light.
 But the kind easie Fool, apt to admire
 Himself, trusts us; his Follies all conspire
 To flatter his, and favour our desire:
 Vain of his proper merit, he with ease,
 Believes we love him best, who best can please:
 On him our gross dull common flatteries pass,
 Ever most happy, when most made an Ass

*Heavy to apprehend, though all Mankind
Perceives us false, the Fop himself is blind,
Who doating on himself——*

Thinks ev'ry one that sees him of his mind.

*These are true Womens Men. Here forc'd to cease
Through want of Breath, not Will to hold her*

(peace;

*She to the Window runs, where she had spy'd
Her much esteem'd dear friend, the Monkey ty'd,
With forty smiles as many antick bows,
As if't had been the Lady of the House,
The dirty chat'ring Monster she embrac'd,
And made it this fine tender speech at last.
Kiss me ! thou curious Miniature of Man,
How odd thou art, how pretty, how Japan !
Oh I could live and dye with thee ! then on
For half an Hour in Complements she ran.*

*I took this time to think what Nature meant
When this mixt Thing into the world she sent,
So very wise, yet so impertinent.
One that knows ev'ry thing, that God thought fit
Should be an Ass, thro choice, not want of Wit.
Whose Fopperry, without the help of sense,
Could ne're have rose to such an excellence.
Nature's as lame in making a true Fop
As a Philosopher ; the very top
And Dignity of folly we attain,
By studious search and labour of the Brain ;
By observation, counsel and deep thought,
Ther's not a Coxcomb made that worth's a Groat,
We owe that Name to Industry and Arts,
An eminent Fool must be a Man of Parts :*

And

And such a one was she, who had turn'd o're,
 As many Books as Men, lov'd much, read more;
 Had a discerning Wit, to her was known
 Ev'ry ones Fault, or Merit, but her own:
 All the good Qualities that ever blest,
 A Woman so distinguish'd from the rest,
 Except Discretion only she possess.

But now *Mincher*, dear *Pug*, says she, adieu,
 And the discourse broke off, does thus renew.

*You smile to see me, whom the World perchance,
 Mistakes to have some Wit, so far advance
 The interest of Fools, that I approve
 Their Men, it more than Men's of Wit in Love:*

*But in our Sex, too many proofs there are,
 Of such whom Wits undo, and Fools repair:
 This in my time was so observ'd a Rule,
 Hardly a Wench in Town but had her Fool;
 The meanest common Slut, who long was grown
 The jest and scorn of ev'ry Pit Buffoon;
 Had yet left Charms enough to have subdu'd,
 Some Fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.
 Foller could make an Irish Lord, a Nokes.
 And Betty Morris had her City Cokes.*

*A Woman's ne'er so ruined but she can
 Be still reveng'd, on her undoer Man.
 How lost soe're, she'll find some Lover more,
 A more abandon'd Fool than she a Whore.
 That wretched thing Corinna, who has run
 Through all the several ways of being undone,
 Couzen'd at first by love, and living then,
 By turning the too dear bought cheat on Men.*

Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
 When first the Town her early Beauties knew;
 Courted, admir'd and lov'd, with Presents fed,
 Youth in her Cheeks and pleasure in her Bed;
 Till Fate, or her ill Angel thought it fit,
 To make her dote upon a Man of Wit,
 Who found 'twas dull to love above a day,
 Made his ill natur'd Jest and went away:
 Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,
 She's a Memento mori to the rest.

Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up half a Crown
 Must mortgage her long Sca f and Manto Gown;
 Poor Creature! who unheard of as a Fly,
 In some dark hole must all the Winter lye,
 And Want she must endure a whole half Year,
 That for one Month she tawdry may appear:
 In Easter Term she gets her a new Gown,
 When my young Master's worship comes to Town,
 From Pedagogue and Mother just set free,
 The hopeful Heir of a great Family;
 Who with strong Beer and Beef the Country rules,
 And even since the Conquest have been Fools;
 And still with careful prospect to maintain
 This Character, least crossing of the Strain,
 Should mend the Booby breed, his Friends provide,
 A Cousin of his own to be his Bride.
 And thus set out——

With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife,
 The solid Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life:
 Dunghil and Peas forsook he comes to Town,
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.

Nothing suits worth with Vice, than want of sense,
 Fools are still wicked at their own expence.
 This o're grown School-boy, lost Corinna wins,
 At the first dash to make an Ass begins,
 Pretends to like a Man that has not known
 The Vanities nor Vices of the Town;
 Fresh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,
 Exger of Joys which he does seldom prove:
 Healthful and strong, he does no Pains endure,
 But what the fair One he adores can cure:
 Grateful for Favours does the Sex esteem,
 And libels none for being kind to him:
 Then of the lewdness of the Town complains,
 Rails at the Wits and Atheists, and maintains
 'Tis better than good Sense, than Pow'r or Wealth;
 To have a Blood untainted, Youth and Health;
 The unbred Puppy who had never seen,
 A Creature look so gay or talk so fine;
 Believes, then falls in Love, and then in Debt,
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient Seat
 To buy his Mistress a new House for Life;
 To give her Plate and Jewels robs his Wife;
 And when to th' height of fondness he is grown,
 'Tis time to poyson him and all's her own.
 Thus meeting in her common Arms his Fate,
 He leaves her Bastard Heir to his Estate,
 And as the Race of such an Owl deserves,
 His own dull laaf'd Progeny he starves.
 Nature (who never made a thing in vain,
 But does each Insect to some end ordain)
 Wisely provides kind keeping Fools no doubt,
 To patch up Vices, Men of Wit wear out.

Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of
 Still mixt with Volleys of impertinence. (sense,
 But now 'tis time I should some Pity show, }
 To Cloe since I cannot chuse but know, }
 Readers must reap the dulness Writers sow. }
 By the next Post I will such Stories tell, }
 As joyn'd to these shall to a Volume swell, }
 But you are tir'd, and so am I —

Farewel.

The Imperfect Enjoyment.

NAKED she lay, claspt in my longing Arms,
 I fill'd with Love and she all over Charms,
 Both equally inspir'd with equal fire,
 Melting through kindness, flaming in desire;
 With Arms, Legs, Lips close clinging to embrace
 She clips to her Breast, and sucks me to her Face.
 The nimble Tongue (Love's lesser lightning) plaid
 Within my Month, and to my Thoughts con-
 (vey'd
 Swift Orders that I should prepare to throw
 The All dissolving Thunderbolt blow.
 My flutt'ring Soul sprung with the pointed kiss,
 Hangs hov'ring o'er her balmy Limbs of Bliss,

But

But whilst her busie hand would guide that part,
Which should convey my Soul up to her Heart,
In liquid Raptures I dissolve all o'er,
Melting in Love, such joy ne'r felt before.
A touch from any part of her had don'r,
Her Hand, her Foot, her very Looks had Charms
(upon't.

Smiling, she chides in a kind murm'ring noise,
And sighs to feel the too too hasty Joys;
When with a thousand Kisses wandring o'r'e
My panting Breast, and is there then no more
She cries: All this to Love and Rapture's due,
Must we not pay a Debt to Pleasure too?
But I the most forlorn lost Man alive,
To shew my wisht Obedience vainly strive, }
I sigh alas! and k'iss, but cannot drive.
Eager desires confound my first intent, }
Succeeding shame does more success prevent, }
And Rage at last confirms me impotent;
Ev'n her fair Hand which might bid H at return
To frozen Age, and make cold *Hermits* burn,
Apply'd to my dead Cinder warms no more,
Than Fire to Ashes could past Flames restore.
Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,
A wishing, weak, tinmoving lump I lye,
This dart of Love, whose piercing point oft try'd
With Virgin Blood a hundred Maids has dy'd;
Which Nature still directed with such Art,
That it through ev'ry Pore reacht ev'ry Heart.
Stiffly resolv'd 'twould carelessly invade, }
Where it essay'd, nor ought its fury staid, }
Where'er it pierc'd entrance it found or made. }

Now languid lies in this unhappy Hour,
 Shrink up and sapless like a wither'd Flow'r.
 Thou treacherous base deserter of my flame,
 False to my Passion, fatal to my Fame;
 By what mistaken Magick dost thou prove,
 So true to Lewdness so untrue to Love?
 What Oyster, Cinder, Beggar, common Whore,
 Didst thou e'er fail in all thy Life before?
 When Vice, Disease and Scandal lead the way,
 With what officious haste did thou obey?
 Like a rude roaring Hector in the Streets,
 That scuffles, ruffs and ruffles all he meets;
 But if his King or Country claim his Aid,
 The Rascal Villain shrinks and hides his Head:
 Ev'n so thy Brutal Valour is displaid,
 Breaks ev'ry Stew, does each small Crack invade,
 But if great Love the Onset does command,
 Base recreant to thy Prince, thou durst not stand.
 Worst part of me, and henceforth hated most,
 Thro' all the Town the common rubbing Post,
 On whom each Wretch relieves her lustful want,
 As *Hogs* on *Goats* do rub themselves and grunt;
 May'st thou to rav'nous Shankers be a Prey,
 Or in consuming Weepings waste away.
 May Strang'uries and Stone thy Days attend,
 May'st thou ne'er piss who did so much offend,
 When all my Joy did on false thee depend.
 And may ten thousand abler Men agree,
 To do the wrong'd *Corinna* right for thee.

T

TO LOVE.

O! nunquam pro me satis indignate Cupide.

OH Love! how cold and slow to take my part;
Thou idle wanderer about my Heart.

Why thy old faithful *Soldier* wilt thou see,
Opprest in thy own Tents? they murder me.
Thy Flames consume, thy Arrows pierce thy
(Friends,

Rather on Foes pursue more noble Ends.

Achilles Spear would gen'rously bestow
A cure as certain as it gave the Blow.

Hunters who follow flying Game, give o'er,
When the *Preys* caught, hope still leads on before.
We thy own *Slaves* feel thy Tyrannick Blows,
Whilst thy tame Hand's unmov'd against thy
(Foes

On Men disarm'd how can you gallant prove,
And I was long ago disarm'd by Love,
Millions of dull Men live, and scornful Maids,
We'l own Love valiant when he these invades.
Rome from each corner of the wide *World* snatch'd
A Lawrel, or't had been to this Day thatch'd.
But the old *Soldier* has his resting Place,
And the good batter'd Horse is turn'd to Grass:
The harraught Whore who liv'd a Wretch to please
Has leave to be a Bawd and take her ease.

For me then who have freely spent my Blood,
 (Love) in thy service, and so boldly stood
 In *Celia's* Trenches; were't not wisely done,
 Ev'n to retire and live in Peace at home?
 No—— might I gain an Empire to disclaim
 My glorious Title to my endless flame:
 Sovereignty with Scorn I would for forswear,
 Such sweat, dear tempting Creatures Women are,
 When'er those Flames grow faint, I quickly find
 A fierce black storm pour down upon my Mind.
 Head long I'm hurl'd like *Horsemen*, who in vain
 Their fury foaming Coursers would restrain;
 A Ships just when the Harbour they attain,
 Are snatch'd by sudden Blasts to Sea again;
 So Love's fantastick storms reduce my Heart,
 Half-rescu'd, and the God resumes his Dart.
 Strike here, this undefended Bosom wound,
 And for so brave a Conquest be renown'd.
 Shafts fly so fast to me from ev'ry part,
 You'll scarce discern your Quiver from my Heart.
 What Wretch can bear a live-long Night's dull
 Or think himself in lazy Slumbers blest? (rest,
 Fool——is not Sleep the Image of pale Death?
 There's time for Rest when Fate has stop't your
 (Breath.

Me, may my soft deluding Dear deceive,
 I'm happy in my hopes, whilst I believe.
 Now let her flutter, then as fondly chide,
 Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd
 With doubtful steps the God of War does move
 By thy example in ambiguous Love.

Blown

Blown to and fro, like Down from thy own
 (Wing,
 Who knows when Joy or Anguish thou wilt
 (bring?

Yet at thy Mother's, and thy Slave's request,
 Fixt an eternal Empire in my Breast.

And let th' inconstant charming Sex,
 Whose wilful Scorn dots Lovers vex;
 Submit their Hearts before thy Throne,
 The Vassal World is then thy own.

The maim'd Debauchee.

1.

AS some brave Admiral, in former War,
 Depriv'd of force, but prest with Courage
 (still;

Two Rival Fleets appearing from afar,
 Crawls to the top of an adjacent Hill,

2.

From whence (with Thoughts full of concern) he
 (views

The wise and daring Conduct of the Fight,
 And each bold Action to his Mind renews,
 His present Glory, and his past Delight.

B 5

From

3.

From his fierce Eyes flashes of Rage he throws,
 As from black Clouds when Lightning breaks
 (away,
 Transported, thinks himself amidst his Foes,
 And absent, yet enjoys the bloody Day.

4.

So when my Days of Impotence approach,
 And I'm by Love and Wines unlucky chance,
 Drov'n from the pleasing Billows of Debauch,
 On the dull Shore of lazy Temperance.

5.

My Pains at last some respite shall afford,
 Whilst I behold the Battles you maintain,
 When Fleets of Glasses sail about the Board ;
 From whose Broadfides Volleys of Wit shall
 (rain.

6.

Nor shall the sight of honourable Scars,
 Which my too forward Valour did procure,
 Frighten new lifted Soldiers from the Wars ;
 Past Joys have more than paid what I endure.

7.

Should hopeful Youths (worth being drunk)
 (prove nice,
 And from their fair Inviters meanly shrink,
 'T would please the Ghost of my departed Vice,
 If at my Counsel, they repent and drink.

8.

Or shou'd some cold-complexion'd Sot forbid,
 With his dull Morals our Nights brisk Alarms,
 I'll

I'll fire his Blood by telling what I did,
When I was strong and able to bear Arms.

9.

I'll tell of Whores attack'd, their Lords at home;
Bawds Quarters beaten up, and Fortrefs won,
Windows demolisht, Watches overcome,
And handsome Ills by my contrivance done.

10.

With Tales like these I will such Heat inspire,
As to important Mischief shall incline ;
I'll make them long some ancient Church to fire,
And fear no Lewdness they'r call'd to by Wine.

11.

Thus Bravo-like, I'll sawcily impose,
And safe from danger v. lantly advise,
Shelter'd in Impotence, urge you to blows,
And being good for nothing else, be wise.

An Allusion to *Horace*.

The 10th Satyr of the first Book.

Nempe incomposita dixi pede, &c.

WELL Sir, 'tis granted, I said *Drydens* Rhimes
Were stoln, unequal, nay dull many times ;
What foolish Patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this ;

But.

But that his Plays,embroider'd up and down
With Wit and Learning, justly pleas'd the
(Town)

In the same Paper I as freely own.

Yet having this allow'd, the heavy Mass,
That stuffs up his loose Volumes must not pass:
For by that Rule I might as well admit,
Crowe's tedious Sense for Poetry and Wit.

'Tis therefore not enough when your false Sense
Hit the false Judgment of an Audience,
Of clapping Fools, assembled a vast Crowd,
Till the throng'd Play-house crack with the dull
(load)

Tho ev'n that Talent merits in some sort,
That can divert the City and the Court:
Which blind'ring *Settle* never could attain,
And puzzling *Otway* labours at in vain.
But within due Proportions circumscribe
What e're you write that with a flowing Tide
The Style may rise, yet in its rise forbear,
With useless Words t'oppress the weary'd Ear.
Here be your Language lofty, there more light,
Your Rhetorick with your Poetry unite;
For Elegance take sometimes allay the force
Of *Epithets*, 'twill soften the Discourse;
A Jest in Scorn points out and hits the thing
More home than the morosest Satyrs sting.
Shakespear and *Johnson* did herein excel,
And might in this be imitated well;
Whom refin'd *E* — copies not at all,
But is himself a meer Original.

Nor that slow Drudge in swift *Pindarick* strains }
 F——, who *Cowley* imitates with Pains, }
 And rides a jaded *Muse*, whipt with loose Reins }
 When *Lee* makes temp'rate *Scipio* fret and rave,
 And *Hannibal* a whining amorous Slave,
 I laugh and wish the hot-brain'd Fustian Fool,
 In *Busby's* hands to be well last at School.
 Of all our modern Wits, none seems to me }
 Once to have toucht upon true Comedy, }
 But hasty *Shadwell* and slow *Wicherly*. }
Shadwell's unfinish'd Works do yet impart,
 Great Proofs of force of Nature, none of Art;
 With just bold strokes he dashes here and there,
 Shewing great Mastery with little care;
 And scorns to varnish his good touches o're,
 To make the Fools and Women praise'em more.
 But *Wicherly* earns hard what e'er he gains,
 He wants no Judgment, nor he spares no pains,
 He frequently excels, and at the least,
 Makes fewer Faults than any of the rest.
Waller, by Nature for the *Bays* design'd,
 With force and fire and fancy unconfin'd, }
 In *Panegyricks* does excel Mankind. }
 He best can turn, enforce and soften things,
 To praise great Conquerors or to flatter Kings.
 For pointed Satyrs I would B—— chuse,
 The best good Man with the worst natur'd *Muse*
 For Songs and Verses, mannerly obscene, }
 That can stir Nature up by Springs unseen }
 And without forcing Blushes please the Queen. }

Sidley has that prevailing gentle Art;
 That can with a resistless Charm impart
 The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart;
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
 Betwixt declining Virtue and Desire;
 Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away,
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of Wit,
 For he, to be a tearing Blade thought fit,
 To give the Ladies a dry Bawdy bob,
 And thus he got the Name of Poet *Squab*:
 But to be just, 'twill to his Praise be found,
 His Excellencies more than Faults abound;
 Nor dare I from his sacred Temple tear.
 That *Lawrel* which he best deserves to wear.
 But does not *Dryden* find ev'n *Johnson* dull?
Fletcher and *Beaumont* uncorrect, and full
 Of lewd Lines as he calls them? *Shakespear's* stile
 Stiff and affected; to his own the while
 Allowing all the justness that his Pride,
 So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
 And may not I have leave impartially
 To search and censure *Dryden's* Works, and try
 If those gross faults his choice Pen does commit,
 Proceed from want of Judgment, or of Wit?
 Or if his lumpish Fancy does refuse
 Spirit and Grace to his loose flattern Muse?
 Five hundred Verses ev'ry Morning writ,
 Proves you no more a Poet than a Wit:
 Such scribbling Authors have been seen before,
Mustapha, the *English Princess*, forty more,
 Were things perhaps compos'd in half an Hour.

To write what may securely stand the *Test*,
 Of being well read over thrice at least;
 Compare each Phrase, examine ev'ry Line,
 Weigh ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Thought refine,
 Scorn all Applause the vile Rout can bestow,
 And be content to please those few who know.

Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,
 To wish thy Works might make a Playhouse ring
 With the unthinking Laughter, and poor praise
 Of Fops and Ladies, Factious for thy Plays;
 Then send a cunning Friend to learn thy doom,
 From the shrewd Judges of the Drawing-room.

I've no Ambition on that idle score,
 But say with *Betty Mackerill* heretofore,
 When a great Women call'd her *Brimstone*
 (Whore;

*I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too,
 Let all the Coxcombs dance to Bed to you.*

Should I be troubled when the Pur-blind
 (Knight,
 Who squints more in his Judgment than his
 (sight,

Picks silly Faults, and censures what I write?
 Or when the poor fed Poets of the Town,
 For scraps and Coach-room cry my Verses down?
 I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me,

If S——, S——, S——, W——,
 G——, B——, B——, B——,
 And some few more, whom I omit to name,
 Approve my Sense, I count their Censure Fame.

In defence of Satyr.

WHen *Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher* rule
 (the Stage)
 They took so bold a freedom with the Age,
 That there was scarce a Knave or Fool in Town
 Of any Note but had his Picture shown :
 And (without doubt) tho some it may offend,
 Nothing helps more than *Satyr* to amend
 Ill Manners, or is truly *Virtue's Friend*.
 Princes may *Laws* ordain, *Priests* gravely preach
 But Poets most successfully will teach.
 For as a *Passing-Bell* frights from his Meat,
 The greedy Sick-man that too much would eat
 So when a *Vice* ridiculous is made, (ba)
 Our Neighbours Shame keeps us from growing
 But wholesome Remedies few Palates please,
 Men rather love what flatters their Disease;
Pimps, Parasites, Buffoons, and all the Crew,
 That under *Friendships Name*, weak Men und
 Find their false Service kindlier understood,
 Than such as tell bold Truths to do us good.
 Look where you will and you shall hardly find
 A Man without some sickness of the Mind.
 In vain we wise would seem, while ev'ry Lust
 Whisks us about as Whirlwinds do the Dust
 Here for some needless Gain a Wretch is hur
 From Pole to Pole and slav'd about the World
 Wh

While the reward of all his Pains and Care,
Ends in that despicable thing his Heir.

There a vain Fop mortgages all his Land,
To buy that gaudy Plaything a Command,
To ride a Cock-horse, wear a Scarfe at's Arse,
And play the *Pudding* in a *May-day Farce*.

Here one whom Fate to be a *Fool* thought fit,
In spite of its Decree will be a *Wit*.

But wanting strength t' uphold his ill made
(choice,

Sets up with Lewdness, Blasphemy and Noise.

There at his *Mistress* Feet a Lover lies,

And for a tawdry painted Baby dies;

Falls on his Knees, adores, and is afraid

Of the vain Idol he himself has made:

These, and a thousand Fools unmention'd here,

Hate Poets all, because they Poets fear;

Take heed (they cry) yonder *Mad Dog* will bite,

He cares not whom he falls on in his fit;

Come but in's way, and strait a new *Lampoon*

Shall spread your mangled Fame about the Town:

But why am I this *Bug-bear* to ye all?

My Pen is dipt in no such bitter gall.

He that can rail at one he calls his Friend,

Or hear him absent wrong'd, and not defend;

Who for the sake of some ill-natur'd Jest,

Tells what he should conceal, invents the rest;

To fatal Midnight Quarrels can betray

His brave Companion, and then run away;

Leaving him to be murther'd in the Street,

Then put it off with some *Buffoon* Conceit.

This

This, this is he, you should beware of All,
Yet him a pleasant witty Man you call,
To whet your dull Debauches up and down
You seek him as top *Fidler* of the Town.

But if I laugh when the *Play Coxcombs* show
To see the *Booby* *Sot* dance *Provoe* :
Or chat'ring *Porus* from the Side-box grin,
Trickt like a Lady's Monkey new made clean.
To me the Name of Railer strait you give,
Call me a Man that knows not how to live.
But Wenches to their Keepers true shall turn,
Stale Maids long slighted proffer'd Husband

(scorn)

Great Courtiers Flatt'ry and Clinches hate,
And long in Office dye, without Estate.
Without a Fee great Counsel Causes plead,
The Country Knav'ry want the Cities Pride.
E're that black Malice in my Rhymes you find
That wrongs a worthy Man, or hurts a Friend

But then perhaps you'll say, Why do you

(write)

What you think harmless Mirth, the World

(thinks spiteful)

Why should your Fingers itch to have a lash
At *Simius* the Buffoon or Cully Bash?

What is't to you, if *Aliodor's* fine Whore,
Sups with some Fop, whilst he's shut out of Door
Consider pray that dang'rous Weapon Wit,
Frightens a million, when a few you hit.
Whip but a Cur as you ride thro a Town,
And strait his Fellow Curs the Quarrel own.

End

Each Knave or Fool that's conscious of a Crime,
Tho' he escapes now looks for't another time.

Sir, I confess all you have said is true,
But who has not some Folly to pursue?

Milo turn'd *Quixot*, fancy'd Battels, Fights,
When the fifth Bottle had increas'd the Lights.

War-like Dirt-Pies our Hero *Paris* forms,
Which desp'rate *Bessus* without Horms.

Co nus the kindest Husband e'er was born,
Still courts the Spark that does his Brows adorn;
Invites him home to dine, and fills his Veins
With the hot Blood which his dear *Dorcy* drains.

Orandio thinks himself a *Beau-Garcon*,
Goggles his Eyes, writes Letters up and down;
And with his saucy Love plagues all the Town.

While pleas'd to have his Vanity thus fed,
He's caught with *G* — that old Hag a Bed.

But should I all the crying Follies tell,
That rouse the sleeping *Satyr* from his Cell,

to my Reader should as tedious prove,
As that old Spark *Albanus* making love;
Or florid *Roscius* when with some smooth Sham,
He gravely on the Publick tries to sham.

Hold then my Muse, 'tis time to make an end,
Lest taxing others thou thy self offend.

The Worlds a Wood, in which all lose their way,
Tho' by a diff'rent Path each goes astray.

On

*On the supposed Author of a late Poem
in defence of Satyr.*

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning Brain
In *Satyr's* praise to a low untun'd strain,
In thee was most impertinent and vain.
When in thy Person we most clearly see
That *Satyr's* of Divine Authority,
For God made one on Man when he made thee.
To shew there were some Men, as there are *Ape's*
Fram'd for meer sport, who differ but in shape
In thee are all those Contradictions joyn'd,
That make an *Ass* prodigious and refin'd.
A Lump deform'd and shapeless wretch thou born
Begot in Love's despite and Nature's scorn;
And art grown up the most ungrateful wight
Harsh to the Ear, and hideous to the sight,
Yet Love's thy Business, Beauty thy Delight.
Curse on that silly Hour that first inspir'd
Thy madness to pretend to be admir'd;
To paint thy grizly Face, to dance to dress,
And all those awkward Follies, that express
Thy loathsome Love and filthy Daintiness.
Who needs will be an ugly *Beau Garcon*,
Spit at and shun'd, by ev'ry Girl in Town;

Where

Where dreadfully Love's scarecrow thou art
 (plac'd,
 To fright the tender Flock that long to taste :
 While every coming Maid when you appear,
 Starts back for shame, and strait turns Chaste for
 (fear.

For none so poor a Prostitute have prov'd,
 Where you *made Love* t'endure to be *belov'd*;
 Twere Labour lost, or else I would advise ;
 But thy half Wit will ne'er let thee be wise.
 Half-witty, and half-mad, and scarce half-brave,
 Half-honest (which is very much a Knave)
 Made up of all these halves, thou can't not pass
 For any thing intirely but an *Ass*.

The Answer.

Rail on poor feeble Scribbler, speak of me
 In as bad Terms as the World speaks of
 (thee,
 Sit swelling in thy Hole like a vext Toad,
 And full of Pox and Malice, spit abroad ;
 Thou can't hurt no Man's Fame with thy ill
 (Word,
 Thy Pen is full as harmless as thy Sword.

Upon

Upon his leaving his Mistress.

TIs not that I'm weary grown
 Of being yours, and yours alone,
 But with what Face can I incline
 To damn you to be *only mine*?
 You whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion,
 By Merit and by Inclination,
 The Joy at least of one whole Nation.

Let meaner spirits of your Sex
 With humbler aims their thoughts perplex,
 And boast if by their Arts they can
 Contrive to make one happy Man:
 Whilst mov'd by an impartial sense,
 Favours like Nature you dispence,
 With *Univerfal* Influence.

See the kind Seed receiving Earth,
 To ev'ry Grain affords a Birth;
 On her no show'rs unwelcome fall,
 Her willing Womb retains 'em all;
 And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?
 No, live up to thy mighty Mind,
 And be the *Mistress* of *Mankind*.

Upon his drinking a Bowl.

Vulcan contrive me such a Cup,
 As *Nestor* us'd of old,
 Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
 Damsk it round with Gold.

Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack
 Up to the swelling brim;
 Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,
 Like Ships at Sea may swim.

Engrave not Battle on his Cheek;
 With War I've nought to do do;
 I'm none of those that took *Maeftrich*,
 Nor *Tarmouth* Leager knew.

Let it no name of Planets tell,
 Fixt Stars or Constellations;
 For I am no Sir *Sydrophel*,
 Nor none of his Relations.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine,
 Then add two lovely Boys;
 Their Limbs in Amorous folds intwine
 The type of future Joys.

Cupid

Cupid and Bacchus my Saints are,
 May drink and Love still reign,
 With Wine I wash away my Care,
 And then to Love again.

S O N G.

AS *Cloris* full of harmless Thoughts
 Beneath a Willow lay;
 Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought
 To pass the time away.

She blusht to be encounter'd so,
 And chid the amorous Swain;
 But as she strove to rise and go,
 He pull'd her down again.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,
 In spite of her disdain;
 She found a Pulse in ev'ry part,
 And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Ah Youth (said she) what Charms are these
 That conquer and surprise,
 Ah let me—for unless you please,
 I have no power to rise.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
 For fear he should comply;
 Her lovely *Eyes* her *Heart* betray,
 And gave her *Tongue* the lye.

Thus she who *Princes* had deny'd,
 With all their *Pomp* and *Train*;
 Was in the lucky *Minute* try'd,
 And yielded to the *Swain*.

S O N G.

I Rise at Eleven I dine about Two, [I do,
 I get drunk before Seven, and the next thing
 I send for my Whore, when, for fear of a Clap,
 I dally about her, and spew in her Lap:
 There we quarrel and scold till I fall asleep,
 When the Jilt growing bold to my Pocket does
 (creep;
 Then slyly she leaves me, and to revenge the
 (Affront,
 At once both my Lads and my Money I want.
 By chance then I wake, hot-headed and drunk;
 What a coil do I make for the loss of my Punk?

I storm and I roar, and I fall in a rage,
 And missing my Lass, I fall on my Page :
 Then Crop-sick all Morning, I rail at my Men
 And in Bed I lie yawning till Eleven again.

S O N G.

Love a Woman! y'are an *Ass*,
 'Tis a most insipid Passion
 To chuse out for your happiness ;
 The idlest part of the Creation.

Let the Porter and the Groom,
 Things design'd for dirty Slaves,
 Drudge in fair *Aurelia's* Womb,
 To get supplies for Age and Graves:

Farewel Woman I intend,
 Henceforth ev'ry Night to sit
 With my lewd well natur'd Friend
 Drinking to engender Wit.

Then give me Health, Wealth, Mirth and Wine
 And if busie Love intrenches,
 There's a sweet soft Love of mine,
 Does the Trick worth forty Wenches.

Song to Cloris.

FAir *Cloris* in a Pig-stye lay,
 Her tender Herd lay by her,
 She slept in murm'ring Gruntlings, they
 Complaining of the scorching Day,
 Her slumbers thus inspire.

She dreamt, whilst she with careful pains,
 Her snowy Arms employ'd,
 In Ivory Pails, to fill out Grains,
 One of her Love convicted Swains,
 Thus hasting to her cry'd.

Fly Nymph! O fly! e'er 'tis too late,
 A dear lov'd Life to save,
 Rescue your Bosom *Pig* from Fate,
 Who now expires, hung in the Gate,
 That leads to yonder Cave.

My self had try'd to set him free,
 Rather than brought the News,
 But I am so abhor'd by thee,
 That ev'n thy Darling's Life from me,
 I know thou would'st refuse.

Struck with the News, as quick she flies,
 As Blushes to her Face;
 Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,
 Nor Love shot from her brighter Eyes,
 Move half so swift apace.

This Plot, it seems, the lustful Slave
 Had laid against her Honour,
 Which not one God took care to save,
 For he pursues her to the Cave,
 And throws himself upon her.

Now pierced is her Virgin Zone,
 She feels the Foe within it,
 She hears a broken Am'rous Groan;
 The panting Lovers fainting moan,
 Just in the happy Minute.

Frighted she wakes, and waking sighs;
 Nature thus kindly eas'd,
 In dreams rais'd by her murm'ring Pigs,
 And her own Thumb between her Legs,
 She's innocently pleas'd.

S O N G.

Give me leave to rail at you,
 I ask nothing but my due;
 To call you false, and then to say,
 You shall not keep my Heart a Day.

But alas! against my Will,
 I must be your Captive still.
 Ah! be kinder then, for I,
 Cannot change, and wou'd not dye.

Kindness has resistless Charms,
 All besides but weakly move,
 Piercest Anger it disarms,
 And clips the Wings of flying Love.

Beauty does the Heart invade,
 Kindness only can perswade;
 It guilds the Lovers servile Chain,
 And makes the Slave grow pleas'd again.

The Answer.

NOthing adds to your fond fire,
 More than scorn and cold Disdain,
 I to cherish your desire,
 Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain.

You insulted on your Slave,
 Humble Love you soon refus'd,
 Hope not then a pow'r to have,
 Which ingloriously you us'd,

Think not *Thirsis* I will e'er,
 By my Love my Empire lose ;
 You grow constant thro Despair ;
 Love return'd you would abuse.

Though you still possess my Heart,
 Scorn and Rigour I must feign ;
 Ah ! forgive that only Art
 Love has left your Love to gain.

You that could my Heart subdue,
 To new Conquests ne'er pretend,
 Let your Example make me true,
 And of a conquer'd Foe, a Friend.

Then

Then if e'er I should complain,
 Of your Empire or my Chain,
 Summon all your pow'rful Charms,
 And sell the Rebel in your Arms.

Plain Dealings Downfal.

Long time *Plain Dealing* in the haughty
 (Town,
 Wandring about, tho in a threadbare Gown,
 At last unanimously was cried down.

When almost starv'd, she to the Country fled,
 In hopes, tho meanly, she should there be fed,
 And tumble Nightly on a Pea-straw Bed.

But Knav'ry knowing her Intent, took Post,
 And rumour'd her approach through every
 (Coast,
 Vowing his Ruin, that should be her Host.

Frighted at this, each *Rustick* shut his Door,
 Bid her be gone, and trouble him no more,
 For he that entertain'd her must be Poor.

At this Grief seiz'd her, Grief too great to tell,
 When weeping, sighing, fainting, down she
 (fell
 Whilst Knavery laughing, rung her passing Bell

S O N G.

Phillis, be gentler I advise,
 Make up for time mis-spent,
 When Beauty on it's Death-bed lies,
 'Tis high time to repent.

Such is the Malice of your Fate,
 That make you old so soon,
 Your pleasure ever comes too late,
 How early e're begun.

Think what a wretched thing is she
 Whose Stars contrive in spight,
 The Morning of her Love should be,
 Her fading Beauties Night.

Then if to make your Ruin more,
 You'll pcevishly be coy,
 Die with the scandal of a Whore,
 And never know the Joy.

SONG.

What cruel Pains *Corinna* takes,
 To force that harmless Frown;
 When not a Charm her Face forsakes;
 Love cannot lose his own.

So sweet a Face, so soft a Heart,
 Such Eyes so very kind,
 Betray alas! the silly Art,
 Virtue had ill design'd.

Poor feeble *Tyrant*, who in vain,
 Would proudly take upon her,
 Against kind Nature to maintain,
 Affected Rules of Honour,

The scorn she bears so helpless proves
 When I plead Passion to her,
 That much she fears, but more she loves
 Her *Vassal* should undo her.

Womans Honour.

L Ove bade me hope, and I obey'd,
Phyllis continu'd still unkind,
 Then you maye'en despair,
 In vain I strive to change her Mind.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart
 Durst he but venture once Abroad,
 In my own right, I'd take your part,
 And shew my self the mightier God.

This huffing Honour domineers,
 In *Breasts* alone where he has place;
 But if true gen'rous Love appears,
 The *Hector* dares not show his Face.

Let me still languish and complain,
 Be most unhumanly deny'd,
 I have some Pleasure in my Pain,
 She can have none with all her *Pride*.

I fall a sacrifice to *Love*,
 She lives a *Wretch* for *Honours* sake,
 Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,
 The difference is not hard to make.

Consider

Consider real Honour then,
 You'l find hers cannot be the same,
 Tis noble Confidence in *Men*,
 In *Women* mean mistrustful shame.

S O N G.

TO this Moment a *Rebel* I throw down my
 (Arms,
 Great Love, at first sight of *Olinda's* bright Charms
 Made proud, and secure, by such forces as these,
 You may now play the *Tyrant* as soon as you
 (please.

When *Innocence*, *Beauty* and *Wit* do conspire,
 To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire,
 Why should I decline, what I cannot avoid;
 And let pleasing Hope, by base Fear be destroy'd.

Her Innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
 Her Beauty's inclin'd, or why should it persue
 (me:
 And Wit has to Pleasure been ever a friend,
 Then what room for Despair, since Delight is
 (Love's end.

There

There can be no danger in sweetness and Youth
 Where Love is secur'd by good nature and Truth
 On her Beauty I'll gaze and of Pleasure complain
 While ev'ry kind look adds a Link to my Chain

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize,
 But her Wit leads in triumph the Slave of her
 (Eyes

I beheld with the loss of my freedom before,
 But bearing, for ever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my Goddess, her Temple too weak
 Retire *Divine Image*, I feel my Heart break,
 Help Love, I dissolve in a Rapture of Charm,
 At the thought of those Joys I should meet in
 (her Arms

S O N G.

How happy *Cloris* (were they free)
 Might our Enjoyments prove?
 But you with former *Jealousie*,
 Are still tormenting Love.

Let us (since Wit instructs us how)
 Raise Pleasure to the top,
 If *Rival Bells* you'll allow,
 I'll suffer *Rival Fop*.

There

There's not a brisk insipid Spark,
That flutters in the Town,
But with your wanton Eyes you mark
The *Coxcomb* for your own.

You never think it worth your care,
How empty, nor how dull,
The Heads of your Admirers are,
So that there *Veins* be full.

All this you freely may confess,
Yet we'll not disagree;
For did you love your Pleasure less,
You were not fit for me.

While I my Passion to pursue,
Am whole Nights taking in
The *lusty Juice* of Grape, take you
The *lusty Juice* of Men.

Love and Life, a Song.

ALL my past Life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone;
Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
Whole Images are kept in store,
By Memory alone,

There

What

Whatever is to come, is not,
 How can it then be mine?
 The present Moment's all my Lot,
 And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis is wholly thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
 False Hearts and broken Vows,
 If by Miracle can be
 This live-long Minute true to thee
 'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

The Fall, a Song.

How blest was the created *State*
 Of Man and Woman, e'er they fell,
 Compar'd to our unhappy Fate;
 We need not fear another *Hell*.

Naked beneath cool Shades they lay,
 Enjoyment waited on desire.
 Each Member did their Wills obey,
 Nor could a wish set Pleasure higher.

But

But we poor Slaves to hope and fear,
 Are never of our Joys secure.
 They lessen still as they draw near,
 And none but dull delights endure.

Then *Cloris*, while I duly pay
 The noble Tribute of my Heart,
 Be not you so severe to say,
 You love me for a frailer part.

S O N G.

WHile on those lovely Looks I gaze,
 To see a Wretch pursuing,
 In Raptures of a blest amaze,
 This pleasing happy ruin.

'Tis not for Pity that I move,
 His Fate is too aspiring,
 Whose Heart broke with a load of Love
 Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this Murder you'd forgo,
 Your Slave from Death removing,
 Let me your Art of Charming know,
 Or learn you mine of Loving.

But

But

But whether Life or Death betide,
 In Love'tis equal measure,
 The *Victor* lives with empty Pride,
 The *Vanquish* dies with pleasure.

SONG.

ROom, room for a Blade of the Town,
 That takes delight in Roaring,
 And daily rambles up and down,
 And at Night in the Street lies snoaring.

That for the noble Name of *Spark*,
 Dares his Companions rally;
 Commits a Murther in the dark,
 Then sneaks into an Alley.

To ev'ry Female that he meets,
 He swears he bears Affection,
 Defies all Laws, Arrests and Feats,
 By help of a Protection.

Then he intending further wrongs,
 By some resenting Cully,
 Is decently run through the Lungs,
 And there's an end of *Bully*.

SONG.

A Gainst the Charms our Passions have,
 How weak all human skill is?
 Since they they can make a Man a slave,
 To such a Wretch as *Phillis*.

Whom that I may describe throughout,
 Assist me loving Pow'rs,
 I'll write upon a double Clout,
 And dip my Pen in Show'rs.

Her Looks demurely impudent,
 Ungainly Beautiful,
 Her Modesty is insolent,
 Her Mirth is pert and dull.

A Prostitute to all the Town,
 And yet with no Man friends,
 She rails and scolds when she lies down,
 And Curses loud she sends.

Lawdy in Thoughts, precise in Words,
 Ill natur'd and a Whore,
 No part of her ought good affords,
 She's all a Common shore.

SONG.

SONG.

I Cannot change as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn,
 Since that poor Swain that sighs for you
 For you alone was born.
 No *Phillis*, no, your Heart to move,
 A surer way I'll try,
 And to revenge my slighted Love,
 Will still love on, will still on love and dye.

When kill'd with Grief *Amyntas* lies,
 And you to mind shall call,
 The Sighs that now unpity'd rise,
 The Tears that vainly fall :
 That welcom hour that ends this smart
 Will then begin your pain,
 For such a faithful tender Heart,
 Can never break, can never break in vain.

The Mock Song.

I Wench as well as others do,
 I'm young, yet not deform'd,

My tender Heart sincere and true,
 Deserves not to be scorn'd,
 Why *Phillis* then, why will you trade,
 With forty Lovers more?
 Can I (said she) with Nature strive,
 Alas I am, alas I am a Whore.

Were all my Body larded o'er,
 With Darts of Love so thick,
 That you might find in ev'ry Pore,
 A Dart of Love did stick.
 Whilst yet my Eyes alone were free,
 My Heart wou'd never doubt,
 In Am'rous Rage and Extasie, (out:
 To wish those Eyes, to wish those Eyes done

Grecian Kindness, a Song.

I.

THE utmost Grace the *Greeks* could show,
 When to the *Trojans* they grew kind,
 Was with their Arms to let them go,
 And leave their lingring Wives behind.
 They beat the Men and burnt the Town,
 Then all the Baggage was their own.

There

There the kind Deity of Wine
 Kiss'd the soft wanton God of Love :
 This clapt his Wings, that press'd his Vine,
 And their best Powers united move.
 While each brave *Greek* embrac'd his Punk,
 Lull'd her asleep, and then got drunk.

Consideratus, Considerandus.

WHat Pleasures can the gaudy World afford?
 What true Delights does teeming Nature board
 (ture board)
 In her great Store-house where she lays her Treasures
 (ture)

Alas, 'tis all the shadow of a Pleasure.
 No true Content in all her Works are found,
 No solid Joys in all Earth's spacious round.
 For labouring Man, who toils himself in vain,
 Eagerly grasping what creates his Pain.
 How false and feeble, nay scarce worth a Name
 Are Riches, Honour, Power and babling Fame
 Yet 'tis for these Men wade thro Seas of Blood,
 And bold in *Mischief*, scorn to be withstood.
 Which when obtain'd, breed but stupendious

Strife, Jealousies, and Sleep-disturbing Care,
 (Fear)

No Beam of Comfort, nor a Ray of Light
Shines thence to guide us through Fate's gloomy
(Night;

Vine,
But lost in devious Darkness there we stray,
Deest of Reason, in an endless Way.

unk,
Vertue's the solid Good, if any be,
Tis that creates our true Felicity,

Though we dispise, contemn and cast it by
As worthless, or our fatal'st Enemy;

Because our darling Lusts it dare controul,
And bound the Rovings of the madding Soul!

Therefore in Garments poor it still appears,
And sometimes (naked) it no Garment wears;

Un'd by the Great, and worthless thought;
(by most,

ed afford
arg'd to be gone, or wish'd for ever lost,
ing Na
et it is loath to leave our wretched Coast.

ure board
ut in disguise does here and there intrude,
her Treas
iving to conquer base Ingratitude:

(sure
nd boldly ventures now and then to shine;
to make known it is of Birth divine;

e found,
ut clouded oft, it like the Lightning plays,
ound.
sing as soon as seen, its pointed Rays,

in vain,
hich scarceness makes those that were weak in
n.
r Virtue's self admire its counterfeit: (Wit,

a Name
ith which damn'd *Hippocrites* the World de-
ing Fame
(lude,

of Blood,
we on *Indians Glass* for Gems intrude:
thstood.

upendious
(Fear

g Care,
N

The

*The first Letter from B----- to
Mr. E-----.*

Dreaming last Night on Mrs. Farly,
My thing was up this Morning early;
And I was fain without my Gown,
To rise i'th' cold to get him down.
Hard shift alas, but yet a sure,
Although it be no pleasing Cure.
Of old the fair *Egyptian* Slattern,
For Luxury that had no pattern,
To fortifie her *Roman* swinger,
Instead of Nutmegs, Mace and Ginger,
Did spice his Bowls (as story tells)
With Warts of Rocks and spawn of Shells
It had been happy for her Grace,
Had I been in the *Roman's* place.
I, who do scorn that any Stone,
Shou'd raise my Tackle but my own,
Had laid her down upon the Couch,
And spar'd her Pearl and Diamond Brouch,
Until her *Memphian* Majesty,
Being happily reclaim'd by me,
From all her wild expensive ways,
Had wore her Gems on Holy-days.
But since her Love has long been over,
Let us what's in this Town discover.

I must intreat you by this Letter,
 To enquire for Maids, the more the better;
 Hunger makes any Man a Glutton,,
 If *Roberts, Thomas, Mrs Dutton,*
 Or any other Dame of Note,
 Inform of a fresh Petticoat.

Enquire I pray with Friendly care,
 Where their respective Lodgings are.
 Some do compare a Man to a *Bark*;
 A pretty Metaphor, pray mark,
 And with a long and tedious story,
 With all the Tackling lay before ye,
 The Sails are Mope, the Masts Desire,
 Till they the gentlest Reader tire.

But how so'ere they keep a pudger,
 I'm sure the P—— is the Rudder.
 The pow'rful Rudder, which of force,
 To Town must shortly steer my course,
 And if you do not there provide
 A Port, where I may safely ride,
 Landing in haste in some foul Creek,
 'Tis ten to one I spring a Leak.

Next I must make it my request,
 If you have any Interest,
 Or can by any means discover,
 Some lamentable Rhyming Lover;
 Who shall in numbers harsh and vile,
 His *Mistress, Nymph* or *Goddess* stile,
 Send all his Labours down to me,
 By the first opportunity.

Or any Knights of your round Table;
 Or other Scribblers formidable;

Guilty

Guilty themselves of the same Crime,
 Dress Nonsense up in ragged Rhyme,
 As once a Week they seldom fail,
 Inspir'd with Love and Grid Iron Ale.

Or any paultry Poetry,
 Tho from the Place where Schollars be,
 Who when the K—— and Q—— were there,
 Did both their Wit and Learning spare;
 And have (I hope) endeavour'd since,
 To make the World some recompence.
 Such damned *Fustian* when you meet,
 Be not too rash or indiscreet;
 Though they can find no just excuses,
 To put them to their proper uses
 Of fatal Privy, or the Fire,
 Their nobler Foe, at my desire,
 Restrain your nat'ral Profuseness,
 And spare 'em though you have a Looseness.

Mr. E----'s Answer.

AS crafty Harlots us'd to shrink
 From *Letchers* dos'd with sleep and drink,
 When they intend to make up Pack,
 By filching Sheers, or shirt from Back,
 So were you pleas'd to steal away
 From me, whilst on your Bed I lay :

But

But long you had been departed,
 When, pincht with cold, from thence I started;
 Where missing you, I stamp and star'd,
 Like *Bacon*, when he wak'd and heard
 His *Brazen Head* in vain had spoke,
 And saw it lie in pieces broke :

Sighing I to my Chamber make,
 And ev'ry *Limb* was stiff as stake
 Unless poor *Pego*, which did feel,
 Like slimy *Skin* of new stript Eel,
 Or Pudding that mischance had got,
 And lost it self half in the Pot.

With care I chear'd the sneaking Wretch,
 That late had been in a deep Ditch :
 But neither Shirt, nor Water cou'd
 Remove the stench of filthy Mud.

The Queen of Love from Sea did spring,
 Whence the best *Merkins* scent like *Ling*
 But sure this over jilting Jade,
 Was of some foul Matter made ;
 Or else her Breath could never stink,
 Like Pump that's foul, or nasty Sink.

When this was done, to Bed I went,
 And the whole day in sleep I spent ;
 But the next Morning fresh and gay,
 As Citizen on Holy-day,

wander'd in the spacious Town,
 Amongst the Dames of best renown !
 To Temple I a Visit made,
 To see the Beauty of her Trade ;
 The only Bawd that ever I,

or want of *Dox* could employ ;

She made me Friends with *Mrs Cusley*,
 Whom we indeed had us'd to roughly ;
 For by a gentler way I found,
 She would be kind under ten Pound.
 So resty Jades will scorn to stir,
 Tho oft provok'd by switch and spur :
 By milder usage may be got,
 To fall into their wonted Trot.

But what success I further had,
 And what Discov'ries good or bad,
 I made in roving up and down,
 I'll tell you when you come to Town.

Further, I have obey'd your motion,
 Tho much provok'd by Pill and Potion,
 And sent you down some paultry Rhymes,
 The greatest Grievance of our Times ;
 When such as Nature never made,
 For Poets daily will invade,
 Wits Empire, both the Stage and Press,
 And which is worse, with good success.

*The second Letter from B----- to
 Mr. E-----.*

IF I can guess the Devil choak me,
 What horrid Fury could provoke thee,

To use thy railing scurr'lous Wit,
 Against Love's Joys, the source of it :
 For what but Love and Transports raise
 Our thoughts to Songs and Roundelays?
 Enables us to *Annagrams*,
 And other Amorous flim flams;
 Then we write Plays, and so proceed
 To *Bays*, the Poets sacred Weed,
 Hast not respect for God *Priapus*,
 That ancient Story shall not scape us.
Priapus was a Roman God,
 But in plain *English* — — —
 That pleas'd their Sister, Wives and Daughters,
 Guarded their Pippings and Pomwaters,
 For at the Orchards utmost entry,
 This mighty Guardian stood Centry;
 Invested in a tatt'l'd Blanket,
 To fright the Mag-pies from their Banquet :
 But this may serve to show we trample
 On Rule and Method by Example,
 Of Authors some, who to snap at all,
 Will talk of *Cesar*'s th' Capitol,
 Of *Cynthia*'s Beams, and *Sol*'s bright Ray
 Known Foe to Butter-milk and Whey,
 Which softens Wax, and hardens Clay.
 All this without the least connexion,
 Which to say Truth's enough to vex one;
 But farewell all Poetick dizziness,
 And now to come unto the Business.

Tell the bright Nymph how sad and pensively
 E'er since we us'd her so offensively,
 In dismal Shades, with Arms across,
 I sit lamenting of my loss ;
 To *Eccho* I her Name commend,
 Who has it now at her Tongues end,
 And *Parrot*-like repeats the same ;
 For should you talk of *Tamberlain*,
Casley ! she cries at the same time,
 Tho the last Accents do not Rhyme.
 Far more than *Eccho* e'er did yet,
 For *Phillis* or bright *Amoret*.

With Pen-knife keen of mod'rate size
 As bright and piercing as her Eyes ;
 A glitt'ring Weapon which wou'd scorn
 To pair a Nail or cut a Corn :
 Upon the Trees of smoothest Bark,
 I carve her Name, or else her Mark,
 Which commonly's a bleeding Heart,
 A weeping Eye, or flaming Dart.

Here on a Beech like am'rous Sot,
 I sometimes carve a True-love's Knot ;
 There a tall Oak her Name does bear,
 In a large spreading Character.
 I chose the fairest and the best
 Of all the Grove, amongst the rest,
 I carv'd it on a lofty Pine,
 Which wept a Pint of *Turpentine*,
 Such was the terror of her Name,
 By the report of evil Fame.
 (Who tir'd with immoderate flight,
 Had lodg'd upon its Boughs all Night)

The wary Tree, who fear'd a Clap,
 And knew the Vertue of his Sap,
 Drapt Balsam into ev'ry Wound,
 And in an Hours time was sound,
 But you are unacquainted yet
 With half the Pow'r of *Amoret*,
 For she can drink as well as do,
 Her growing Empire still must grow;
 Our Hearts-weak Forts, we must resign;
 When Beauty does its Forces joyn
 With Man's strong Enemy, good Wine.
 This I was told by — *Obryon*,
 A Man whose Word I much rely on,
 He kept touch, and came down hither,
 When thou wert scar'd with the foul Weather,
 But if thou wouldst forgiven be,
 Say that thy Love detained thee.
 Love whose strong Charms the World bewitches
 The Joy of Kings, the Beggars Riches!
 The Courtier's Business, Citizen's Leisure;
 The tyr'd Tinker's Ease and Pleasure;
 Of what alas I've leave to prate,
 But oh the rigour of my Fate.
 For want of bouncing *Bona Roba*,
Lascivia est nobis pagina vita proba;
 For that Rhyme I was fain to fumble,
 When *Pegasus* begins to stumble,
 'Tis time to rest, Your very humble.

Mr. E---'s Answer.

SO soft and am'rously you write,
 Of things that me in Bed delight ;
 That were I still in *Lanthorn* sweating,
 Swallowing of *Bolus* or a spitting,
 I should forget each Injury,
 The City Misses offer'd me,
 And only of my Fate complain,
 Because I must from them abstain:
 The pow'rful God of Love, whose Name
 Kindles in me an Amorous flame ;
 Begins to make my Vigour rise,
 And long again to fight Love's Prize ;
 Forgetful of those many scars,
 I have received in *Venus* Wars.
 This shews Love's chiefest Magick lies,
 In Woman's Concaves, not their Eyes,
 There *Cupid* does his Revels keep,
 There Lovers all their sorrows steep,
 For having once but tasted that,
 Our Miseries are quite forgot.

This may suffice to let you know }
 That I to sporting am no Foe, }
 Tho you are pleas'd to think me so. }
 'Tis strange his Zeal shou'd be in suspicion,
 Who dies a Martyr to Religion.

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But now to give you an account
 Of *Casley*, that Lais *Paramount*,
Casley! whose Beauty warms the Age;
 And fills our Youth with Love and Rage;
 Who like fierce Wolves pursue the Game,
 While secretly the Lecherous Dame,
 With some choice Gallant takes her flight-
 And in a Corner hugs all Night.
 Then the next Morning we all hunt,
 To find who is grown lank upon't,
 With Jealousie and Envy mov'd,
 Against the Man that was belov'd.
 Whilst you within some neighb'ring Grove
 Indite the story of your Love.
 And with your Pen-knife, keen and bright,
 On stately Trees your Passion write,
 So that each Nymph that passes through,
 Must envy her and pity you;
 We at the *Fleece* or at the *Bear*,
 With good Case-Knive well whet on Stair,
 A gentle Weapon made to feed
 Mankind, and not to make 'em bleed,
 A thousand am'rous Fancies 'scape,
 There's not a Pewter-dish can scape
 Without her Name or Arms, which are,
 The same which Love himself does bear,
 Here one to show you Love's no Glutton,
 P'th' midst of Supper leaves his Mutton,
 And on a greasie Plate with care,
 Carves the bright Image of the Fair.

(80)
Another, though a drunken Sot,
Neglects his Wine, and on the Pot
A band of naked *Cupid* draws,
With Tools no bigger than Wheat Straws:
Then on a nasty Candlestick,
One figures Love Hieroglyphick,
And that the sight may more inflame
The lookers on, subscribes her Name,
Cesley! her Sexes Pride and Shame.
There's not a Man but does discover
By some such Action he's her Lover,
But now 'tis time to give her over,
And let your Lordship know you are
The Mistress that employs our care;
Your absence make us Melancholly,
Not Drink, nor Love can make us jolly;
Unless w^eave you within our Arms,
With whom there dwells diviner Charms;
Then quit with speed the pensive Grove,
And here in Town persue your Love,
Where at your coming you shall find
Your Servants glad, your Mistress kind,
And all devoted to your Mind,

With your very Hum-
ble Servant.

On

On Mr E---- H---, upon his
B--- P-----.

Come on ye *Criticks*! find one Fault who dare,
For read it backward like a *Witches* Pray'r,
I will do as well; throw not away your Jest
On solid Nonsense that abides all Tests.

Wit, like *Tirce-Clarret*, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no use at all;

But in its full Perfection of decay,

Turns Vinegar, and comes again in play.

This Simile shall stand in thy defence, (Sence.

Gaint such dull Rogues, as now and then write:

He lyes, dear *Ned*, who says thy Brain is barren,

Where deep Conceits, like *Vermine* breed in

(*Carren*.

Thou hast a Brain, such as thou hast indeed,

On what else shou'd thy Worm of Fancy feed?

Yet in a *Philbert* I have often known,

Maggots survive when all the Kernel's gone.

Thy Stiles the same, what ever be the Theam,

As some Digestions turn all Meat to Phlegm.

Thy stumbling founder'd Jade can trot as high,

As any other *Pegasus* can fly.

As skilful Divers to the bottom fall,

Sooner than those that cannot swim at all;

So in this way, of Writing, without thinking,

Thou hast a strange *Alacrity* in sinking,

Thou

Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own nat'ral Parts,
 And with acquir'd Dulness and new Arts
 Of study'd Nonsense, tak'st kind Readers Hearts. }
 So the dull Eele moves nimbler in the Mud,
 Than all the swift finn'd Racers of the Flood.
 Therefore, dear *Ned*, at my advice forbear, }
 Such loud Complaints 'gainst *Criticks* to prefer, }
 Since thou art turn'd an arrant Libeller : }
 Thou set'st thy Name to what thy self does
 Did ever Libel yet so sharply bite. (write.

On the same Author upon his
 B — P — .

AS when a *Bully* draws his Sword,
 Tho no Man gives him a cross Word ;
 And all Perswasion are in vain,
 To make him put it up again ;
 Each Man draws too, and falls upon him,
 To take the wicked Weapon from him :
 Ev'n so, dear *Ned*, thy desperate Pen,
 No less disturbs all Witty Men,
 And makes 'em wonder what a Devil,
 Provokes thee to be so uncivil ;
 When thou and all thy Friends must know 'em,
 Thou yet wilt dare to print thy Poem.

That

That poor Cur's Fate and thine are one,
 Who has his Tail pegg'd in a Bone;
 About he runs, no Body 'toun him,
 Men, Boys and Dogs are all upon him,
 And first the greatest Wits were at thee,
 Now ev'ry little Fool will pat thee,
 Fellows that ne'er was heard or read of,
 (If thou writ'st on) will write thy Head off.
 Thus Mastifs only have the knack,
 To cast the Bear upon her Back;
 But when the unweildy Beast is thrown,
 Mungrils will serve to keep her down.

*On the same Author upon his
 New Ut ---*

THou damn'd *Antipodes* to common Sense,
 Thou foil to Fluence, prethee tell from
 (whence
 Does all this mighty Rock of Dullness spring,
 Which in such Loads thou to the Stage dost bring?
 Is't all thy own? or hast thou from *Snow-hill*,
 Th'assistance of some *Ballad* making *Quill*?
 No, they fly higher yet; thy Plays are such,
 I'd swear they were translated out of *Dutch*:

And

And who the Devil was e'er yet so Drunk,
To read the Volumes of *Minheer Van Dunk*?
Fain would I know what Dyet thou dost keep,
If thou dost always, or doth never sleep,
Sure Halty Pudding is thy chiefest Dish,
With Lights and Livers, and with stinking Fish,
Ox-Check, Tripe, Garbage, thou dost treat thy
(Brain

Which nobly pays this Tribute back again.
With Dazy-roots thy dwarfish Mute is fed,
A *Gyant's* Body with a *Pigmy's* Head.

Canst thou not find amongst thy num'rous
(Race,

One Friend so kind, to tell thee that thy Play's
Laught by Box, Pit, Gallery, nay Stage,
And grown the naus'ous Grievance of the Age;
Thinkon't a while, and thou wilt quickly find,
Thy Body made for Labour, not thy Mind:
Nor other use of Paper shouldst thou make,
But cary loads of Reams upon thy Back;
Carry vast Burthens till thy Shouldiers shrink,
But curst be he that gives thee Pen and Ink,
Those dangerous Weapons should be kept from
(Fools

As Nurses from their Children keep Edge-tools
For thy dull Muse a Muckender were fit,
To wipe the flav'rings of her Infant Wit,
Which tho 'tis late (if Justice could be found)
Should like blind new born Puppeys yet be
(drown'd,

For were it not we must Respect afford,
To any Muse that's Grand-child to a Lord;

Thine

Thine in the Ducking-stool should take her Seat;
 Drencht like her self, in a great Chair of State,
 Where like a Muse of Quality she'll dye,
 And thou thy self shalt make her *Elegy*,
 In the same Strain thou writ'st thy Comedy.

The Disappointment.

ONE Day the am'rous *Lysander*,
 By an impatient Passion sway'd,
 Surpriz'd fair *Cloris* the lov'd Maid,
 Who could defend herself no longer;
 All things did with his Love conspire,
 The guilded *Planet* of the Day,
 In his gay Charriot drawn by Fire,
 Was now descending to the Sea,
 And left no Light to guide the World,
 But what from *Cloris* brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

2.

In a lone *Thicket* made for Love,
 Silent as yielding Maids consent,
 She with a charming Languishment,
 Permits his force, yet gently strove;
 Her Hands, his Bosom softly meet,
 But not to put him back design'd,
 Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
 Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet;

Resist.

Resistance, 'tis to late to shew,
She wants the Pow'r to say--- *Ab what do you do?*

3.

Her bright Eyes sweet and yet severe,
Where Love and Shame confus'dly strive,
Fresh Vigour to *Lysander* give,
And whisp'ring softly in his Ear,
She cry'd --- *cease -- cease -- your vain desire.*
Or I'll call out, what would you do?
My dearer Honour ev'n to you,
I cannot --- must not give --- retire,
Or take that Life, whose chiefest Part,
I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.

4.

But he, as much unus'd to fear,
As he was capable of Love,
The blessed Minutes to improve,
Kisses her Lips, her Neck, her Hair;
Each touch her new Desires allarms,
His burning, trembling Hand he prest
Upon her melting snowy Breast,
While she lay panting in his Arms,
All her unguarded Beauties lye,
The Spoils and Trophies of the Enemy.

5.

And now without respect or fear,
He seeks the Object of his Vows,
His Love no Modesty allows,
By swift degrees advancing where
His daring Hand that Altar seiz'd,
Where Gods of Love do sacrifice,

That

That awful Throne! that Paradise!
 Where Rage is tam'd, and Anger pleas'd?
 That living Fountain from whose Trills,
 The melted Soul in liquid Drops distills.

6.

Her balmy Lips encountering his,
 Their Bodies as their Souls they joyn'd,
 Where both in transports unconfin'd,
 Extend themselves upon the Moss;
Cloris half dead and breathless lay,
 Her Eyes appear'd like humid Light,
 Such as divides the Day and Night,
 Or falling Stars, whose Fires decay;
 And now no signs of Life she shows,
 But what in short breath'd Sighs returns and goes.

7.

He saw how at her length she lay;
 He saw her rising Bosom bare;
 Her loose thin Robes, thro which appear,
 A shape design'd for Love and Play:
 Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame,
 She does her softest sweets dispence,
 Off'ring her Virgin Innocence,
 A Victim to Love's sacred flame.
 Whilst th' o'er ravisht Shepherd lyes,
 Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

8.

Ready to taste a thousand Joys,
 The too transported hapless Swain,
 Found the vast Pleasure turn'd to Pain:
 Pleasure! which too much Love destroys.

The willing Garment by he laid,
 And Heav'n all open to his view:
 Mad to possess himself he threw
 On the defenceless lovely Maid;
 But oh! what envious Gods conspire,
 To snatch his Pow'r yet leave him the desire.

9.

Natures support, without whose Aid,
 She can no Humane Being give;
 It self now wants the Art to live;
 Faintness its slacken'd Nerves invade,
 In vain th'enraged Youth assay'd,
 To call his fleeting Vigour back;
 No motion 'twill from motion take,
 Excess of Love his Love betray'd,
 In vain he toils, in vain commands,
 Th'In sensible fell weeping in his Hands.

10.

In this so am'rous cruel strife,
 Where Love and Fate were too severe,
 The poor *Lisander* in despair,
 Renounc'd his Reason with his Life.
 Now all the brisk and active Fire,
 That should the noble Part inflame,
 And left no spark for new desire;
 Not all her naked Charms could move,
 Or calm that Rage that had debauch'd his Love.

11.

Cloris returning from the Trance,
 Which Love and soft Desire had bred,
 Her tim'rous Hand she gently laid,
 Or guided by design or chance,

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Upon that *Fabulous Priapus*,
 Thot *Potent God* (as Poets feign)
 But never did young *Shepherdes*
 (Gathering of Fern upon the Plain)
 More nimbly draw her Fingers back;
 Finding beneath the verdant Leaves a *Snake*.

12.

Then *Cloris* her fair Hand withdrew;
 Finding that God of her desires,
 Disarm'd of all his Powerful Fires,
 And cold as *Flow'rs* bath'd in the Morning Dew;
 Who can the *Nymphs* Confusion guess?
 The Blood forsook the kinder Place,
 And strew'd with Blushes all her Face,
 Which both disdain and shame exprest?
 And from *Lisander's* Arms she fled,
 Leaving him fainting on the Gloomy Bed

13.

Like Lightning thro the Grove she hies,
 Or *Daphne* from the *Delphick* God;
 No print upon the Grassy Road
 She leaves t'instruct pursuing Eyes;
 The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,
 And with her ruff'd Garments plaid,
 Discover'd in the flying Maid
 All that the Gods e'er made of Fair.
 So *Venus* when her Love was slain,
 With fear and haste flew o'ere the fatal Plain.

14.

The *Nymphs* resentments none but I,
 Can well imagine and condole:

But

But none can guess *Lyfander's* Soul;
 But those who sway'd his Destiny:
 His ſilent Griefs ſwell up to ſtorms,
 And not one God his fury ſpares,
 He curſt his Birth, his Fate, his Stars,
 But more the Shepherdess's Charms;
 Whoſe ſoft bewitching Influence,
 Had damn'd him to the depth of Impotence.

*On a Juniper-Tree now cut down
 to make Buſks.*

WHilſt happy I triumphant ſtood,
 The Pride and Glory of the Wood,
 My *Aromatick* Boughs and Fruit,
 Did with all other Trees diſpute;
 Had right by Nature to excel,
 In pleaſing both the Taſte and Smell:
 But to the touch I muſt confeſs,
 Bore an unwilling fullenneſs:
 My Wealth, like baſhful Virgins, I
 Yielding with ſome reluctance;
 For which my value ſhou'd be more,
 Not giving eaſily my ſtore.
 My Verdant Branches all the year,
 Did an Eternal Beauty wear,
 Did ever young and gay appear.

Nor needed any Tribute pay,
 For Bounties from the God of Day.
 Nor do I hold Supremacy,
 In all the Wood, o'er ev'ry Tree,
 But ev'n to those of my own Race,
 That grew not in this happy Place;
 But that in which I glory most,
 And do my self with reason boast,
 Beneath my shade the other Day,
 Young *Philocles* and *Cloris* lay,
 Upon my Root he plac'd her Head,
 And where I grew he made her Bed;
 Their trembling Limbs I gently prels,
 The kind supporting yielding Moss;
 Ne're half so blest, as now to bear,
 A Swain so young, a Nymph so fair.
 My grateful Shade I kindly lent,
 And ev'ry aiding Bough I bent
 So low as sometimes had the Bliss,
 To rob the Shepherd of a Kiss,
 Whilst he in Pleasures far above
 The sense of that degree of Love,
 Permitted ev'ry stealth I made,
 Injealous of his Rival shade.
 I saw 'em kindle to desire,
 Whilst with soft sighs they blew the fire,
 I saw the approaches of their Joy,
 He grew more fierce, and she less coy;
 I saw how they mingled melting Rays,
 Exchanging Love a thousand ways:

Kind

Kind was the force on ev'ry side, }
 Her new desires she could not hide, }
 Nor would the Shepherd be deny'd; }
 Impatient he waits no consent,
 But what she gave by languishment,
 The blessed Minute he persu'd,
 Whilst Love her fear and shame subdu'd.
 And now transported in his Arms,
 Yields to the Conqueror all her Charms ;
 His panting Breast to hers now joyn'd,
 They feast on Raptures unconfin'd;
 Vast and luxuriant, such as prove,
 The Immortality of Love.
 For who but a Divinity, }
 Could mingle Souls to that degree, }
 And melt 'em into Extasy ; }
 Where like the *Phoenix* both expire, }
 Whilst from the Ashes of their fire, }
 Sprung up a new and soft desire. }
 Like Charmers thrice they did invoke
 The God, and thrice new Vigour took;
 And had the Nymph been half so kind,
 As was the Shepherd well inclin'd;
 The Myst'ry had not ended there,
 But *Cloris* re-assum'd her fear,
 And chid the *Swain* for having prest,
 What she (alas) could not resist :
 Whilst he, in whom Loves sacred flame,
 Before and after was the same,
 Humbly implores she would forget
 That fault which he would yet repeat :

From active Joys with shame they haste,
 To a reflection on the past ;
 A thousand times the Covert bless,
 That did secure my happiness ;
 Their Gratitude to ev'ry Tree
 They pay, and most to happy me ;
 The Shepherdes my Bark carrest,
 Whilst he my Root (Love's Pillow) kist,
 And did with sighs their Fate deplore,
 Since I must shelter 'em no more.
 And if before my Joys were such,
 In having seen and heard so much ;
 My Grief must be as great and high, ¶
 When all abandon'd I must lye, }
 Doom'd to a silent Destiny : }
 No more the am'rous strife to hear,
 The Shepherds Vow, the Virgins fear ;
 No more a joyful looker on,
 Whilst Love's soft Battles lost and won.
 With Grief I bow'd my murm'ring Head.
 And all my Christal Dew I shed,
 Which did in *Cloris* Pity move.
Cloris whose soul is made of Love ;
 She cut me down and did translate
 My Being to a happier state :
 My Top was on the Altar laid,
 Where Love his softest off'ring paid,
 And was as fragrant Incence burn'd ;
 My Body into Busks was turn'd,
 Where I still guard the sacred store,
 And of Love's Temple keep the Door.

To all curious Criticks and Admirers of Meeter.

HAve you not seen the raging stormy Main
Toils a *Ship* up, then cast her down again
Sometimes she seems to touch the very *Skies*,
And then again upon the *Sand* she lies.

Or have you seen a *Bull* when he is jealous,
How he does tear the Ground, and Roar and
(Bellows

Or have you seen the pretty *Turtle Dove*,
When she laments the absence of her Love?
Or have you seen the *Faries* when they sing
And dance with Mirth together in a Ring?
Or have you seen our Gallants keep a pudder,
With *Fair* and *Grace*, and *Grace* and *Fair* And
(strudder

Or have you seen the Daughters of *Apollo*,
Pour down their Rkining Liquors in a hollow
Cane? In spungy Brain, congealing into Verse
If you have seen all this, then kills my *A--se*.

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S A T Y R.

A. **W**Hat *Timon*, does old Age begin t' ap-
 (proach,
 That thus thou droop'st under a Nights debauch?
 Hast thou lost deep to needy *Rogues* on tick,
 Who ne'er could pay, and must be paid next
 (Week?

Tim. Neither, alas, but a dull dining Sot,
 Siz'd me i'th' *Mall*, who just my Name had got
 He runs upon me, cries dear Rogue I'm thine,
 With me some *Wits* of thy Acquaintance dine.
 I tell him I'm engag'd, but as a Whore
 With modesty enslaves her Spark the more :
 The longer I deny'd, the more he prest,
 At last I e'en consent to be his Guest.
 He takes me in his Coach, and as we go,
 Pulls out a Libel of a sheet or two,
 Insipid as the praise of th' *Fairy Queens*;
 Or *S—*'s unassisted former Scenes ;
 Which he admir'd and prais'd at every Line,
 At last it was so sharp it must be mine.
 I vow'd I was no more a *Wit* than he,
 Unpractis'd and unblest'd in Poetry.
 A Song to *Phillis* I perhaps might make,
 But never Rhym'd but for my Mistress sake :
 I envy'd no Man's Fortune nor his Fame,
 Nor ever thought of a Revenge so tame.

He

He knew my Stile, he swore, and 'twas in vain
 Thus to deny the Issue of my Brain.
 Choak'd with his flatt'ry I no answer make,
 But silent leave him to his dear mistake.
 Of a well meaning Fool I'm most afraid,
 Who sillily repeats what was well said.
 But this was not the worst, when he came home
 He asks, are S——, Bu——, Sa—— come?
 No, but there were above *Halfwit* and *Huffe*,
Kickum and *Dingboy*, oh 'tis well enough,
 They're all brave Fellows, cries mine Host, let's
 I long to have my Belly full of Wine, (dine,
 They'll write and fight I dare assure you,
 They're Men, *Tam Marte quam Mercurio*.
 I saw my error, but 'twas now too late,
 No means or hopes appears of a retreat.
 Well, we salute, and each Man takes his seat.
 Boy (says my Sot, is my Wife ready yet.
 A Wife, good Gods! a *Fop* and *Bullies* too,
 For one poor Meal, what must I undergo?
 In comes my Lady strait, she had been fair,
 Fit to give Love, and to prevent Despair,
 But Age, Beauties incurable Disease,
 Had left her more desire than pow'r to please.
 As Cocks will strike, altho their Spurs be gone,
 She with her old bleer Eyes to smite begun:
 Tho nothing else, she (in despite of time)
 Preserv'd the Affectation of her Prime;
 However we begun, she brought in Love,
 And hardly from that subject would remove,
 We chanc'd to speak of the *French King's* success;
 My Lady wonder'd much how Heav'n could bless

A Man that lov'd two Women at one time ;
 But more how he to them excus'd his Crime.
 She askt *Huffe*, if Love's flame he never felt?
 He answer'd bluntly--- *do you think I'm gelt?*
 She at his plainness smil'd, then turn'd to me;
 Love in young Minds precedes ev'n Poetry.
 You to that Passion can no stranger be,
 But Wits are given to Inconstancy.
 She had run on I think till now, but Meat
 Came up, and suddenly she took her Seat.
 I thought the Dinner would make some amends;
 When my good Host cries out, y'are all my
 (Friends,
 Our own plain Fare, and the best Terse the Bull
 Affords, I'll give you, and your Bellies full :
 As for French Kickshaws, Cellery and Cham-
 (poon,
 Ragous and Fricasles, in Troth we've none,
 Here's a good Dinner towards thought I, when
 (strait
 Up comes a piece of Beef, full Horseman's weight
 Hard as the Arse of *M---*, under which
 The Coachman sweats as ridden by a Witch.
 A Dish of Carrott, each of 'em as long
 As Tool that to fair Countesses did belong ;
 Which her small Pillow could not so well hide,
 At *Vivers* his flaming Head espy'd.
 Goo e and Capon follow'd in the Rear,
 With all that Country Bumpkins call good
 (Cheer :

E .

Serv'd

Serv'd up with Sauces all of Eighty eight,
When our tough Youth wrestled and threw th
(Weight

And now the Bottle briskly flies about,
Instead of Ice wrapt in a cold wet Clout,
A brimmer follows the third bit we eat,
Small Beer becomes our Drink, and Wine cu
[Mea

The Table was so large, that in less space,
A Man might save six old *Italian's* place:
Each Man had as much room as *Porter B*—
Or *Harris* had in *Cullens Bushel C*—

And now the Wine began to work, mine Host
Had been a *Collonel*, we must hear him boast,
Not of Towns won, but an Estate he lost
For the Kings service, which indeed he spent
Whoring and Drinking, but with good intent.
He talkt much of a Plot, and Money lent
In *Cromwel's* time. My Lady she

Complain'd our Love was coarse, our Poetry
Unfit for modest Ears, small Whores and Play
Were of our Hair-brain'd Youth the only cares
Who were too wild for any virtuous League,
Too rotten to consummate an Intrigue.

Falkland she prais'd, and *Suckling's* easie Pen,
And seem'd to taste their former Parts ager.

Mine Host drinks to the best in Christendom,
And decently my Lady quits the Room:

Left to our selves, of several things we prate,
Some regulate the *Stage*, and some the *State*,
Halfwit cries up my Lord of O——

Ah how well *Mustapha* and *Zanger* dye!

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His sence so little forc'd, that by one Line,
You may the other easily divine.

*And which is worse, if any worse can be,
He never said one word of it to me.*

There's fine Poetry! you'd swear 'twere Prose,
So little on the sence the Rhymes impose.

Ram me (says *Dingboy*) in my mind Cot's nouns }
E— writes airy Songs and soft Lamoons, }
The btt of any Man; as for your Nouns,
Grammar, and Rules of Art, he knows them not,
Yet writ two talking Plays without one plot.

Huffe was for *Settle*, and *Morocco* prais'd,
Said rumbling Words, like Drums his Courage
(rag'd.

*Whose broad-built-bulks, the boist'rons billows bear,
Zaphee and Sally, Muga-tore, Oran,
The fam'd Arzile, Alcazar, Tituan.*

Was ever braver Language writ by Man?

Kickum for *Crown* declar'd, said in Romance
He had outdone the very Wits of *France*.

Witness *Pandion*, and his *Charles* the Eighth, }
Where a young Monarch, careless of his Fate, }
Though Foreign Troops and Rebels shock his
(State,

complains another sight afflicts him more,
(iz.) The Queen's Galleys rowing from the
(shore,

*Fitting their Oars and Tackling to be gone,
While sporting Waves smil'd on the rising Sun.*

Waves smiling on the Sun! I'm sure that's new;
'twas well thought on, give the Devil his

(due,
Misc

Mine Host, who had said nothing in an hour
Rose up and prais'd the *Indian Emperor*.

As if our old World modestly withdrew,
And here in private had brought forth a new.

There are two Lines, who but he durst presume
To make the old World a withdrawing Room
Where of another World she's brought to Bed,
What a brave Midwife is a *Laureat's Head*.

But shame of all these Scribblers, what d'y
(think

Will *Senches* this Year any Champoon drink?
Will *Turene* fight him? without doubt says *Huffe*
If they two meet, their meeting will be rough.
Sink me (says *Dingboy*) they *French-Cowards* are
They pay, but the *English, Scots* and *Swiss* make
(War

In gawdy Troops at a Review they shine,
But dare not with the *Germans* Battie joyn;
What now appears like Courage is not so,
'Tis a short Pride which from success does grow
On their first blow they'll shrink into thos
(fear

They shew'd at *Cressy, Agincourt, Poitiers*;
Their loss was infamous, Honour so strain'd,
Is by a Nation not to be regain'd. (brav

What they were then I know not, now they
He that denies it lies and is a Slave,
(Says *Huffe* and frown'd) says *Dingboy* that do
And at that Word at t'others Head let fly
A greasie Plate, when suddenly they all
Together by the Ears in Parties fall.

Halfwit with *Dingboy* joins, *Kickum* with *Huffe*;
 Their Swords were safe, and so we let 'em cuff,
 Till they, mine Host, and I had all enough. 34
 Their rage once over, they begin to treat,
 And six fresh Bottles must the Peace compleat;
 I ran down stairs, with a Vow never more,
 To drink Beer Glafs and hear the *Hectors* roar.

A Session of the Poets.

Since the Sons of the Muses grew num'rous and
 (loud,
 For the appeasing so factious and clam'rous a
 (Crowd;
Apollo thought fit in so weighty a Cause,
 To establish a Government, Leader and Laws.
 The hopes of the Bays at this summoning call,
 Had drawn 'em together the Devil and all;
 All thronging and listning, they gap'd for the
 (Blessing,
 No *Presbyter* Sermon had more crowding and
 (pressing.
 In the head of the Gang *John Dryden* appear'd,
 That ancient grave Wit, so long lov'd and fear'd,
 But *Apollo* had heard a story in th' Town,
 Of his quitting the Muses to wear the black Gown

And so gave him leave, now his Poetry's done
To let him turn Priest, now R--- is turn'd Nun

This reverend Author was no sooner set by,
But *Apollo* had got gentle *George* in his Eye,
And frank'y confest of all Men that writ,
There's none had more Fancy, Sense, Judgment

(and Wit)

But th' crying sin Idleness, he was so harden'd,
That his long seven years silence was not to be

(pardon'd)

Brawny W---- was the next Man shew'd his Face
But *Apollo* e'en thought him too good for the Place
No Gentleman Writer that Office should bear,
'Twas a trader in Wit that the *Lawrel* should

(wear,

As none but a *Citt* e'er makes a Lord Mayor.

Next into the Crowd *Tom Shadwel* does wallow

And swears by his Guts, his Paunch and his

(Tallow

'Tis he that alone best pleases the Age,

Himself and his Wife have supported the *Stage*,

Apollo well pleas'd with so bonny a Lad,

To oblige him, he told him, he should be huge

(glad,

Had he half so much Wit as he fancy'd he had.

However to please so Joyial a Wit,

And to keep him in Humour *Apollo* thought fit

To bid him drink on, and keep his old Trick,

Of railing at Poets, and showing his P---

Nat Lee stept in next, in hopes of a Prize,

Apollo remember'd he had hit on it thrice;

By the Rubies in's Face, he could not deny,
 But he had as much Wit, as Wine could supply;
 Confest that indeed he had a Musical Note,
 But sometimes strain'd so hard, that he ratled i'
 (th' Throat ;

Yet owning he had sense to encourage him for't,
 He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus's* Court.

Poet *Settle* his Tryal was the next came about,
 He brought him an *Ibrahim* with the Preface torn
 (out ;

And humbly desird he might give no offence ;
 O Ram me, cries *Shadwel*, he cannot write sence,
 And rat him cry'd *Newport* I hate that dull Rogue.
Apollo considering he was not in vogue,
 Would not trust his dear *Bays* with so modest a
 (Fool,

And bid the great Boy should be sent back to
 (School.

Tom Otway came next T--S--- dear *Zany*;
 And swears for *Heroicks* he writes best of any ;
Don Carlos his Pockets so amply had fill'd,
 That his Mange was quite cured, and his Lice
 (were all kill'd.

But *Apollo* had seen his dull Face on the Stage,
 And prudently did not think fit to engage,
 The icum of a Play-house for the prop of an
 (Age.

In the num'rous Herd that encompass him round,
 Little starch *Fonny Crown* at his Elbow he found,
 His *Crevat-string* new iron'd, he gently did stretch
 His lilly white Hand out the *Lawrel* to reach,

Alledging that he had most right to the *Bays*,
For writing Romances and shiting of Plays.

Apollo rose up and gravely confest,
Of all Men that writ his Talent was best;
For since pain and dishonour Mans Life only
(damn,

The greatest felicity Mankind can claim,
Is to want sence of sinart, and be past sence
(of shame:

And to perfect his bliss in Poetical Rapture.
He bid him be dull to the end of the Chapter.
The Poetress *Afra* next shew'd her sweet Face,
And swore by her Poetry and her black Ace,
The *Lawrel* by a double right was her own.
For the *Plays* she had writ and the *Conquests* she'd

(won.
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
Yet to deal frankly and ingeniously by her,
He told her, were *Conquests* and *Charms* her
(pretence

She ought to have pleaded a dozen Years since.
Anababaluthu put in a share,

And little *Tom Essences* Author was there.
Nor cou'd *Durfey* forbear for the *Lawrel* to stickle,
Protesting he had the Honour to tickle (*Fickle*.
The Ears of the Town with his dear Madam
With other Pretenders, whose Names I'd rehearse
But that they're too long now to stand in my

(Verse
Ap No quite tir'd with their tedious *Harangue*,
Finds at last *Tom Betterton's* face in the Gang,
And since Poets with the kind Play'rs may hang

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By his own Light he solemnly swore,
 That in search of a *Laureat*, he'd look out no more.
 A general murmur run quite thro the Hall,
 To think that the *Bays* to an *Actor* should fall,
 But *Apollo* to quiet and pacify all,
 E'en told 'em Plays, to put his desert to the Test,
 That he had made as well as the best;
 And was the great 't wonder the Age ever bore,
 For of all the *Play-Scribblers*, that e're writ before
 His Wit had most worth, and most modesty in't,
 For he had writ Plays that yet ne're came in
 (Print.

*Upon the Author of a Play called
 Sodom.*

TELL me abandon'd *Miscreant*, prethee tell,
 What damn'd Pow'r invok'd and sent
 (from Hell;
 (If Hell were bad enough) did thee inspire,
 To write what Fiends asham'd would blushing
 Hast thou of late embrac'd some *Succubus*, (hear,
 And us'd the Jew'd Familiar for a Mule?
 Or didst thy Soul by Incb o'th' Candle sell,
 To gain the glorious Name of Pimp to Hell?
 If so, go and its vow'd Allegiance swear,
 Without Press-Money be its Volantier:

May he who envies thee deserve thy fate, (hate;
Deserve both Heav'ns, and Mankinds scorn and
Disgrace to Libels ! foil to very shame,

Whom 'tis a scandal to vouchsafe to damn.

What foul description's foul enough for thee,
Sunk quite below the reach of Infamy ?

Thou covet'st to be lewd, but want'st the might,
And art all over Devil but in Wit.

Weak feeble strainer at meer ribaldry,

Whose Muse is impotent to that degree,

That needs, like Age, be whipt to Lechery. J.

Vile Sot ! who clapt with Poetry art sick,

And void'st Corruption, like one *Gallick* sick,

Like Ulcers, thy imposthum'd addle Brains

Drop out in Matter which thy Paper stains,

Whence nauseous Rhymes by filthy Births pro-
(ceed,

As Maggots in some Turd ingendring breed.

Thy Muse has got the Flow'rs, and they ascend,

As in some Green-sick Girl at upper end,

Sure Nature made or meant at least t'have don't,

Thy Tongue a *Clytoris* thy Mouth a &c.

How well a *Dildo* would that Place become,

To gag it up and make't for ever dumb,

At least it should be syring'd—

Or wear some stinking Merkin for a Beard.

That all from its base converse might be scar'd.

As they a Door shut up and mark'd beware,

That tells Infection and the Plague is there.

Thou *Moorfields* Author fit for Bawds to quote,

Elf Bawds themselves with Honour safe may do

When

When Suburb Prentice comes to hire delight,
 And want Incentives to dull Appetite,
 There Punk perhaps may thy brave Works re-
 (hearse,
 Gulling the senseless thing with Prose and Verse,
 Which after shall prefer'd to dressing Box,
 Hold Turpentine, and Medicine for the Pox.
 Or (if I may ordain a Fate more fit)
 For such foul nasty Excrements of Wit,
 May they condemn'd to th' publick Jakes be
 (sent,
 For me I'd fear the Piles in vengeance sent,
 Should I with them prophane my Fundament,
 There bugger wiping Porters when they shite,
 And so thy Book it self turn Sodomite.

Ephelia to Bajazet.

HOW far they are deceiv'd who hope in vain,
 A lasting lease of Joys from Love t'obtain?
 All the dear sweets we promise or expect
 After Enjoyment turns to cold neglect.
 Could Love a constant happiness have known,
 The mighty wonder had in me been shown,
 Our Passions were so favoured by Fate,
 As if she meant 'em an Eternal Date;

(100)
So kind he look'd, such tender Words he spoke,
Twas past belief such Vows should e'er be broke,
Fixt on my Eyes, how often would he say,
He could with Pleasure gaze an Age away!
When Thoughts too great for Words had made
(him mute,

In Kisses he would tell my Hand his suit.
So great his Passion was so far above
The common Gallantries that pass for Love, }
At worst I thought if he unkind should prove, }
His ebbing Passion would be kinder far,
Than the first Transports of all others are.
Nor was my love or fondness less than his,
In him I center'd all my hopes of Bliss;
For him my duty to my Friends forgot,
For him I lost, alas, what lost I not?
Fame, all the valuable things of Life,
To meet his Love by a less Name than Wife.
How happy was I then, how dearly blest, }
When this great Man lay panting on my Breast, }
Looking such things as ne'er can be express'd!
Thousand fresh looks he gave me every hour,
Whilst greedily I did his Looks devour;
Till quite o'rcome with Charms I trembling lay,
At ev'ry look he gave, melted away!
I was so highly happy in his Love,
Methoughts I pity'd them that dwelt above.
Think then thou greatest, loveliest, falsest Man, }
How you have vow'd, how you have lov'd, }
(and then, }
My faithless dear, be cruel if you can..

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How I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell,
 No, every act has shown I lov'd too well,
 Since first I saw you, I ne'er had a Thought,
 Was not entirely yours, to you I brought
 My Virgin Innocence, and freely made
 My Love an Offering to your noble Bed;
 Since which y^e have been the Star by which I steer'd,
 And nothing else but you I lov'd or fear'd.
 Your smiles I only live by, and I must,
 When e'er you frown be shatter'd into Dust,
 Oh! can the coldness that you shew me now,
 Suit with the gen'rous heat you once did shew?
 I cannot live on Pity or Respect, (fect,
 A thought so mean would my whole Love in- }
 Less than your Love I scorn Sir to expect, }
 Let me not live in dull Indifferency,
 But give me Rage enough to make me dye;
 For if from you, I needs must meet my Fate,
 Before your Pity I would chuse your Hate.

*A very Heroical Epistle in answer
 to Ephelia.*

Madam,

If you'r deceiv'd it is not by my Cheat,
 For all disguises are below the great,

What

What Man or Woman upon Earth can say,
I ever us'd 'em well above a Day?

How is it then that I incessant am,
He changes not that always is the same:

In my dear self I center ev'ry thing,
My Servants, Friends, my Mistress and my King,
Nay, Heav'n and Earth to that one point I }
(bring.)

Well-manner'd, honest, generous and stout,
Names by dull Fools to plague Mankind found
Shou'd I regard, I must my self constrain, (out,
And 'tis my *Maxim* to avoid all Pain.

You fondly look for what none e'er could find,
Deceiv'd your self, and then call me unkind,
And by false Reasons would my falshood prove,
For 'tis as natural to change as love:

You may as justly as the Sun repine,
Because alike it does not always shine,
No glorious thing was ever made to stay,
My blazing Star but visits and away.

As fatal too it shines as those i'th' Skies,
Tis never seen but some great Lady dies,
The boasted favour you so precious hold,
To me's no more than changing of my Gold;
Whate'er you gave, I paid you back in Bliss,
Then where's the Obligation pray of this?

If heretofore you found Grace in my Eyes,
Be thankful for it, and let that suffice,
But Woman, Beggar-like, still haunts the Door
Where they've receiv'd a Charity before.

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Oh happy *Sultan*, whom we barb'rous call,
 How much refin'd art thou above us all,
 Who envies not the Joys of thy *Serail*? }
 Thee like some God, the trembling Crowd adore,
 Each Man's ty thy Slave, and Woman kind thy
 (Whore.

Methinks I see thee underneath the Shade
 Of Golden Canopy supinely laid,
 Thy crowding Slaves all silent as the Night,
 But at thy nod, all active as the Light;
 Secure in solid Slott thou there doth reign,
 And feel'st the Joys of Love without the pain.
 Each Female courts thee with a wishing Eye,
 Whilst thou with awful Pride walk'st careless by,
 Till thy kind Pledge at last marks out thy Dame
 Thou fancy'st most, to quench thy present flame.
 Then from the Bed submissive she retires,
 And thankful for the Grace, no more requires.
 No loud reproach, nor fond-unwelcome sound,
 Of Womens Tongues thy sacred Ear does wound,
 If any do, a nimble Mute strait ties,
 The True-loves Knot, and stops her foolish cries.
 Thou fearst no injur'd Kinsmans threatening Blade.
 Nor Midnight Ambushes by Rivals laid;
 While here with aking Hearts our Joys we taste,
 Disturb'd by Swords, like *Democles* his Feast.

On Poet Ninny.

CRusht by that just Contempt his Follies bring
 On his craz'd Head the Vermin fain wou'd
 But never *Satyr* did more softly bite, (ting,
 Or gentle *George* himself more gently write.
 Born to no others but thy own disgrace,
 Thou art a thing so wretched and so base,
 Thou canst not e'en offend but with thy Face. }
 And dost at once a sad Example prove,
 Of harmless malice and of hopeless Love.
 All pride and ugliness, oh how we loath,
 A nauseous Creature so compos'd of both;
 How oft have we thy cap'ring Person seen,
 With dismal Look and melancholly Meen,
 The just reverse of *Nokes*, when he would be,
 Some mighty *Hero*, and makes Love like thee.
 Thou art below being laught at out of spight,
 Men gaze upon thee as a hideous sight,
 And cry there goes the melanchol'y Knight. }
 There are some modest Fools we daily see,
 Modest and dull, why they are Wits to thee!
 For of all Folly, sure the very top,
 Is a conceited *Ninny* and a Fop.
 With face of Farce, joyn'd to a head Romaincy,
 There's no such Coxcomb as your Fool of fancy
 But 'tis too much on so dispis'd a Theam,
 No Man would dabble in a dirty Stream.

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The worst that I could write would be no more,
Than what thy very Friends have said before.

*Upon Love fondly refused for Con-
science sake.*

Nature, Creation's Law, is judg'd by sense,
Not by the Tyrant Conscience,
Then our Commission gives us leave to do,
What Youth and Pleasure prompts us to:
For we must question else Heavens great decree,
And tax it with a treachery;
If things made sweet to tempt our Appetite,
Should with a guilt stain the delight.
Higher Powers rule us, our selves can nothing do;
Who made us love, has made Love lawful too.
It was not Love, but Love transform'd to Vice,
Ravish'd with envious Avarice,
Made Women first inappropriate, all were free,
Inclosures Mens inventions be.
I'th' Golden Age no Actions could be found,
For trespass on my Neighbour's Ground:
'Twas just with any Fair to mix our Blood;
The best is most diffusive good.
She that confines her Beams to one Mans sight,
Is a dark Lanthorn to a glorious Light.

Say,

Say, does the Virgin-spring less chaste appear,
 Cause many Thirsts are quenched there?
 Or have you not with the same Odours met,
 When more have smelt your Violet?
 The *Phoenix* is not angry with her Nest,
 Cause her Perfumes makes others blest;
 Tho Incense to th' eternal God be meant,
 Yet Mortals rival in the scent.
 Man is the Lord of Creatures, yet we see
 That all his Vassal's Loves are free.
 The severe Wedlock Fetters do not bind
 The *Pard's* inflam'd and amorous mind,
 But that he may like a Bridegroom led
 Even to the Royal Lyons Bed.
 The Birds may for a Year their Loves confine,
 But make new choice each *Valentine*.
 If our Affection then more servile be (raignty?
 Than are our Slaves, where's Mans Sovereignty?
 Why then by pleasing more, should you less
 (please,
 And spare the sweets, being more sweet than
 (these:
 If the fresh Trunk have sap enough to give,
 That each insertive Branch may live;
 The Gard'ner grafts not only Apples there,
 But adds the Warden and the Pear,
 The Peach and Apricock together grow,
 The Cherry and the Damson too,
 Till he hath made by skilful Husbandry
 An intrie Orchard of one Tree;

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So left in Paradise Perfection want,
 We may as well inoculate as plant.
 What's Conscience but a Bedlam's midnight
 Or nodding Nurses idle dream? (theam?
 So feign'd, as are the *Goblins, Elves* and *Faires*,
 To watch their Orchards and their Daries.
 For who can tell when first her reign begun?
 Pth' state of Innocence was none:
 And since *large* Conscience (as the Proverb
 (shews

In the same sence with the *bad* one goes,
 The less the better then, whence this will fall,
 'Tis to be perfect to have none at all:
 Suppose it be a Vertue rich and pure,
 'Tis not not for Spring or Summer sure,
 Nor yet for Autumn, Love must have his prime,
 His warmer Heats and Harvest time,
 Till we have flourish'd, grown and reap'd our
 (wishes,

What Conscience dares oppose our kisses?
 But when times colder Hand leads us near home,
 Then let that Winter Vertue come:
 Frost is all then prodigious, we may do
 What Youth and Pleasure prompts us to.

A Pastoral Courtship.

BEhold these Woods, and mark my sweet
 How all these Boughs together meet :
 The Cedar his fair Arms displays,
 And mixes Branches with the Bays.
 The lofty Pine dares to descend,
 And sturdy Oaks do gently bend
 One with another subtly weaves
 Into one Loom their various Leaves ;
 As all ambitious were to be
 Mine and my *Phillis* Canopy !

Let's enter and discourse our Loves ;
 These are, my dear, no tell tale Groves !
 There dwell no Pies nor Parrots there,
 To prate again the Words they hear.
 Nor babbling Eccho that will tell,
 The Neighb'ring Hills one syllable.

Being enter'd let's together lye,
 Twin'd like the Zodiacks *Gemini* ;
 How sweet the Flowers do sweeter smell
 And all with Emulation swell
 To be thy Pillow ? These for thee
 Were meant a Bed, and thou for me,
 And I may with as just esteem
 Press thee, as thou mayst lye on them.
 And why so coy ? what dost thou fear ?
 There lurks no speckled Serpent here.

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No Venomous Snake makes this his Road,
 No Canker, nor the loathsome Toad,
 And your poor Spider on the Tree,
 Thy Spinster, will no Poysoner be,
 There is no Frog to leap and fright
 Thee from my Arms, and break delight;
 Nor Snail that o'er thy Coat shall trace,
 And leave behind a slimy Lace.
 This is the hallowed shrine of Love,
 No Wasp nor Hornet haunts this Grove,
 Nor Pimire to make Pimples rise
 Upon thy smooth and Ivory Thighs.
 No danger in these shades doth lye,
 Nothing that wears a sting but I:
 And in it doth no Venom dwell,
 Altho perchance it make thee swell.

Being let, let's sport a while my Fair,
 I will tie Love-knots in thy Hair.
 See *Zephyrus* thro the Leaves doth stray,
 And has nee liberty to play,
 And braid thy Locks, and shall I find
 Less favour than a saucy Wind?
 Now let me sit and fix my Eyes
 On thee that art my Paradise.
 Thou art my all, the spring remains,
 In the fair Violets of thy Veins:
 And that it is a Summers-day,
 Ripe Cherries on thy Lips display.
 And when for Autumn I would seek,
 'Tis in the Apples of thy Cheek.
 But that which only moves my smart,
 Is to see Winter in thy Heart,

Strange—

Strange, when at once in one appear,
 All the four seasons of the Year!
 I'll clasp that Neck where should be set
 A rich and orient Carskanet;
 But Swains are poor, admit of then
 More natural chains, the Arms of Men.
 Come let me touch those Breasts that swell
 Like two fair Mountains, and may well
 Be stil'd the Alps, but that I fear
 The Snow has much less whiteness there
 But stay (my Love) a fault I spy,
 Why are those fair Fountains dry?
 Which if they run, no Muse would please
 To taste of any Spring but these,
 And *Ganymed* employ'd should be
 To fetch his *Jove Nector* from thee.
 Thou shalt be Nurse fair *Venus* swears,
 To the next *Cypia* that she bears.
 Were it not then discreetly done
 To open one spring to let two run;
 Fy, fy, this Belly, Beauty's Mint,
 Blushes to see no Coin stamp't in't.
 Employ it then, for tho it be
 Our Wealth, it is your Royalty;
 And Beauty will have current Grace
 That bears the Image of your Face.
 How to the touch the Ivory Thighs,
 Veil gently and again do rise,
 As pleyable to the impression,
 As Virgins Wax and *Barian* Stone
 Dissolv'd to softness, plump and full,
 More white and soft than *Corsal* Wool,

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Or Cotton from the *Indian Tree*;
 Or pretty Silk-worms Houswifry.
 These on two Marble Pillars rais'd,
 Make me in doubt which should be prais'd;
 They or their Columns most, but when
 I view those Feet that I have seen
 So nimbly trip it o'er the Lawns,
 That all the *Satyrs* and the *Fawns*
 Have stood amaz'd when they would pass
 Over the Lays and not a Grass
 Would feel the weight, nor Rush, nor Bent,
 Drooping betray which way you went;
 O then I felt my hot desires
 Burn more and flame with double Fires.
 Come let those Thighs, those Legs, those Feet
 With mine in thousand windings meet,
 And woven in more subtle Twines
 Than Woodbine, Ivy or the Vines.
 For when Love sees us circling thus
 He'll like no Arbour more than us.
 Now let us kiss, would you be gone?
 Manners at least allows me one.
 Blush you at this? pretty one stay,
 And I will take that kiss away.
 Thus with a second, and that too
 A third wipes off, so will we go
 To numbers that the Stars out-run,
 And all the Atoms in the Sun:
 For tho we kiss till *Phæbus* Ray,
 Sink in the Seas and kissing stay
 Till his bright Beams return again,
 There can of all but one remain:

And

And if for one good manners call;
 In one, good manners, grant me all:
 Are kisses all? they but fore run
 Another duty to be done.
 What would you of that Minstrel say
 That tunes his Pipe and will not play?
 Say what are Blossoms in their prime,
 That ripen not in Harvest time?
 Or what are Buds that ne're disclose
 The long'd for sweetness of the Rose?
 So kisses to a Lover's guest
 Are Invitations not a Feast.
 See every thing that we espy,
 Is fruitful saving you and I:
 View all the Fields, survey the Bowers,
 The Buds, the Blossoms and the Flowers.
 And say if they so rich could be
 In barren base Virginity.
 Earth's not so coy as you are now,
 But willingly admits the Plow.
 For how has Man or Beast been fed,
 If she had kept her Maiden-head?
 Celia once coy as are the rest,
 Hangs now a Babe on either Breast,
 And Cloris since a Man she took,
 Has lots of Greenness in her Look:
 Our Ewes have year'd, and every Dam
 Gives suck unto her tender Lamb.
 As by these Groves we walk along,
 Some Birds were feeding of their young,
 Some on their Eggs did brooding sit,
 Sad that they had not hatcht 'em yet;

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Those that were slower than the rest,
 Were busie building of the Nest,
 You only will not pay the fine,
 You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentine*.
 As you were Angling in the Brook
 With Silken Line and Silver Hook,
 Through Chrystal streams you might descry,
 How vast and numberless a fry
 The Fish hath spawn'd, that all along
 The Banks were crowded with the throng.
 And shall fair *Venus* more command
 By Water than she does by Land?
 The *Phoenix* chaste, yet when she dies,
 Her self with her own Ashes lies.
 But let thy Love more wisely thrive
 To do the act while th'art alive.
 'Tis time we let our Childish Love
 That trades for Toys, and now approve
 Our abler skill, they are not wise,
 Look babies only in the Eyes.
 That smother'd smile shews what you meant,
 And modest silence gives consent.
 That which we now prepare, will be
 Best done in silent secrecie:
 Come do not weep, what is't you fear?
 Lest some should know what we did here.
 See, not a Flower you prest is dead,
 But re-erects his bending Head;
 That whosoe're shall pass this way,
 Knows not by these where *Phillis* lay.
 And in your forehead there is none
 Can read the act that we have done.

Phillis

Poor credulous and simple Maid !
 By what strange wiles art thou betraid :
 A treasure thou hast lost to day,
 For which thou canst no ransom pay,
 How black art thou, transform'd with Sin !
 How strange a guilt knows me within ?
 Grief will convert this red to pale ;
 When every Wake and Whitsund-ale
 Shall talk my shame ; break, break sad heart
 There is no Med'cine for my smart,
 No Herb nor Balm can cure my sorrow,
 Unless you meet again to morrow.

Captain Ramble.

WHilst *Dans* were knocking at my Door,
 I lay in Bed with wrecking *W—*,
 With Back so weak, and Tool so sore
 You'd wonder.
 I rous'd my *Dee*, and lac'd her Gown,
 I pin'd her Whisk, and dropt a Crown,
 She pist and then I drove her down
 Like Thunder.
 From Chamber then I went to Dinner,
 And drank small Beer like mournful Sinner,
 But still I thought the Duce was in her
Clitoris.

I sat at *Muscots* in the dark,
And heard a Tradesman and a Spark,
A Scrivener and a Lawyers Clark

Tell Stories.

From thence I went with muffled Face,
To the Dukes House, and took a place,
In which I Spew'd, may't please his Grace,
or Highness.

Should I been bang'd I could not chuse
But laugh at *Whores* who dropt from *Stems*,
Seeing that Mrs. *Marg'ret Hughes*
So fine is.

When play was done I call'd a Link,
Hearing some paultry pieces chink
Within my Breeches, how d'ye think
I employ'd 'em?

Why, Sir, I went to M^{rs}. *Speering*,
Where some were Cursing, others Swearing,
Never a Barrel better Herring,

Per fidem.

Sevens the main, 'tis Eight or Ram me,
'Tis Six (said I) as God shall save me;
And being true, they cou'd not blame me
So saying.

Save me! quoth one, what Shameroon
Is this, has beg'd an Afternoon
Of's Mother, to go up and down
A playing?

Now this to me was worse than killing,
Mistake me not for I am willing,
And able both, to drop a Shilling,
Or Two Sir.

Well said my Lad, quoth *Bully Hack*,
 With *Whiskers* stern and *Cordibeck*
 Pinn'd up behind, his scabby-Neck
 To shew Sir.

With Mangy Fist, he graspt the Box,
 Giving the Table bloody knocks,
 Calling upon the Plague and Pox
 T' assist him.

Ten Shillings from me he did snatch;
 He'd like to have made a quick dispatch;
 Nor wou'd Times Register, my Watch,
 Have mist him,

As luck wou'd have it in came Will,
 Perceiving things went very ill,
 Quoth he, thou'dst better go and swill
 Canary.

We steer'd our Coast to *Dragon Green*,
 Which is in *Fleet Street* to be seen,
 Where we drank Wine, not foul, but clean
 Contrary.

Our Host Eclipsed *Edward Hammond*
 Presented slice of Bacon Gammon,
 Which made us swallow Sack, as Salmon
 Does Water:

Being ever warm'd with last debauch,
 I grew as drunk as any Roach,
 When hot bak'd *Wardens* did approach,
 Or later.

But see the curst confounded fate,
 Attends on drinking Wine so late,
 I drew my Tool on honest *Kate*
 O'th' Kitchen.

Which

Which *Hammonds* Wife cou'd not endure,
 I told her though she look'd demure,
 That she came lately, I was sure,
 From Bitching.

And having now discharg'd the House,
 We did reserve a gentle Souse,
 With which we drank another Rouse,
 At the Bar.

And now good Christians all attend,
 To Drunkenness pray put an end,
 I do advise you as a Friend,
 And Neighbour.

For lo! that mortal here behold,
 Who cautious was in days of old,
 Is now become, rash, sturdy, bold,
 And free Sir.

For having 'scapt the Tavern so,
 There never was a greater Foe,
 Encounter'd yet by *Pompey*, no
 Nor *Cesar*.

A Constable both stern and dread,
 Who is from Mustard, Brooms, and Thread,
 Preferr'd to be the *Brainless-head*
 O'th' People.

A Gown, had on with Age made gray,
 A Hat too, which as Folks do say,
 Is Sir nam'd to this very day,
 A Steeple.

His Staff, which knew as well as he,
 The business of Authority,
 Steod bold upright at sight of me,
 Most true 'tis.

The *Bilbo Guard*, that hither come;
To keep the Kings Peace, safe at home,
Yet cannot keep the *Vermin* from

Their *Cutis*.

Stand, stand, says one, and come before,
You lye, said I, like a Son of a W——
I can't, nor will not stand, that's more,
D'ye mutter.

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell you what,
Your Officer i'th' *May-pole Hat*,
I'll make as drunk as any Rat,
Or Otter.

The Constable began to swell,
Although he lik'd the motion well,
Quoth he my Friends, this I must tell
You clearly.

The Pestilence you can't forget,,
Nor th' dispute with the *Dutch*, nor yet
The dreadful Fire that made us get
Up early.

From which (quoth he) I this infer,
To have a Bodies Conscience clear,
Excelleth any costly Cheer,
Or Banquet.

Besides (and saith I think he wept)
Were it not better you had kept,
Within your Chamber and have slept
In *Blanket*.

But I'll advise you by and by,
——A shame of all advice said I,
Your *Janizaries* look as dry,
As *Vulcan*.

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We came not here to talk of Sin,
 -- Come here's a Shilling fetch it in,
 Our business is now to begin,
 A full Can.

At last I made the Watchmen drunk,
 Examined here and there a Punk,
 And then away to Bed I flunk,
 To hide it.

Now these my wishes are to you;
 Who will those dangers not Escue,
 That ye may all go home and spew,
 As I did.

As Concerning Man.

TO what intent or purpose was Man made,
 Who is by Birth to misery betray'd?
 Man in his tedious course of Life runs through
 More Plagues than all the Land of *Egypt* knew.
 Doctors, Divines, grave Disputations, Puns,
 Ill looking Citizens and scurvy Duns;
 Insipid Squires, fat Bishops, Deans and Chapters,
 Enthusiasts, Prophecies, new Rants and Raptures,
 Pox, Gout, Catarrhs, old Sores, Cramps, Rheums
 (and Aches;
 Half witted Lords, double chin'd Bawds with
 (Patches;
 Illi-

Illiterate Courtiers, Chancery Suits for Life;
 A teasing Whore and a more tedious Wife;
 Raw Inns of Court-men, empty Fops, Buffoons,
 Bullies robust, round Aldermen, and Clowns;
 Gown-men which argue, and discuss and prate,
 And vent dull Notions of a future State;
 Sure of another World, yet do not know
 Whether they shall be sav'd, or damn'd, or how.

'Twere better then that Man had never been,
 Than thus to be perplex'd: *God save the Queen.*

On Rome's Pardon.

IF *Rome* can pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold,
 And if those Pardons can be bought and sold,
 It were no Sin, t'adore, and worship Gold.

If they can purchase Pardons with a Sum,
 For Sins they may commit in time to come,
 And for Sins past, 'tis very well for *Rome*.

At this rate they are happy't that have most;
 They'll purchase Heav'n at their proper cost;
 Alas! the Poor! all that are so, are lost.

Whence

Whence came this knack, or when did it begin?
 What Author have they, or who brought it in?
 Did *Christ* e're keep a *Custom-house* for Sin?

Some subtle Devil, without more ado,
 Did certainly this sly invention brew,
 To gull 'em of their *Souls*, and *Money* too.

Upon Nothing.

1.

NOthing, thou *Elder Brother* even to *Shade*;
 Thou had'st a *Being* e're the *World* was made.
 And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid,

2

E're Time and Place were, Time and Place were
 (not,
 When *Primitive Nothing* something straight be-
 (got,
 Then all proceeded from the great United What?

3

Something the general *Attribute* of all,
 Sever'd from thee its sole *Original*,
 Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd
 (fall.

4.

Yet something did thy mighty Pow'r command,
And from thy fruitful Emprinesses Hand
Snatch'd *Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air and Land.*

5.

Matter, the wicked't offspring of thy Race,
By *Form* assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
And *Rebel Light* obscur'd thy reverend dusky

6.

(Face.

With *Form* and *Matter, Time* and *Place* did joyn,
Body, thy Foe, with thee did Leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful *Realm*, and ruin all thy

7.

Line.

But Turn-coat *Time* assists the Foe in vain,
And Brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd Reign
And to thy bungry *Womb* drives back thy Slaves

8.

(again.

Tho' *Mysteries* are barr'd from Laik Eyes,
And the Divine alone with Warrant pries
Into thy *Bosom*, where thy *Truth* in private lies.

9.

Yet this of thee the *Wise* may freely say,
Thou from the *Virtuous* nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee, the *Wicked* wisely pray.

10.

Great *Negative*, how vainly wou'd the *Wise*
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise.
Didst thou not stand to point their dull *Philosophies.*

11.

It, or is not, the two great ends of Fate,
And true or false the subject of Debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate.

When

12.

When they have rack'd the Politicians Breast,
Within thy *Bosom* most securely rest,
And when reduc'd to thee, at least unsafe and
(best.

13

But *Nothing*, why do's Something still permit
That *Person*, highly thought, at best, for *nothing*
(fit?

14.

Whilst weighty *Something* modestly abstains
From Princes *Coffers*, and from *States-mens Brains*,
And *Nothing*, the like stately *Nothing*, reigns.

15.

Nothing, who dwel'tt with Fools in grave dis-
(guise
For whom the rev'rend *Shapes* and *Forms* devise,
Lawn sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they
(like thee look Wile.

16.

French Truth, *Dutch Prowess*, *British Policy*,
Hybernian Learning, *Scotch Civility*,
Spaniards Dispatch, *Danes Wit*, are mainly seen
(in thee.

17

The Great *Man's* Gratitude to his best *Friend*,
King's Promises, *Whores Vows*, towards thee
(they bend;
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end,

On

(5)

On the Death of Mr. Greenhill, the famous Painter.

WHat doleful Cries are these that fright my
 (sense,
 Sad as the Groans of dying Innocence :
 The killing *Accents* now more near approach,
 And the infectious sound
 Spreads, and enlarges all around
 And does all *Hearts* with grief and wonder touch
 The famous *Greenhill's* dead, even he
 That cou'd to us give Immortality,
 Is to th' eternal silent Groves withdrawn,
 Those fullen Groves of everlasting Dawn ;
 Youthful as Flow'rs scarce blown, whose open-
 (ing Leaves.
 A *wonderous* and a *fragrant* prospect gives
 Of what its elder Beauties would display,
 When it shou'd flourish up to ripening *May* !
 Witty as *Poets* warn'd with *Love* and *Wine*.
 Yet still spar'd *Heaven* and his *Friend*,
 For both to him were sacred and divine,
 Nor cou'd he this no more than that offend :
 Fixt as a *Martyr*, where he *Friendship* paid,
 And gen'rous as a *God* !
 Distributing his *Bounties* all abroad,
 And soft and gentle as a *Love-sick Maid*.

Great.

Great Master, of the Noblest Mystery
That ever happy knowledge did inspire;

Sacred as that of *Poetry*!

And which the *wondering World* does equally ad-

Great *Natures Works* we do *contemn*, (mire.

When on his glorious Births we meditate,

The *Face*, and *Eyes*, more *Darts* receiv'd from

Than all the Charms she can create: (him,

The difference is, his *Beauties* do beget

In the Enamour'd Soul a virtuous heat,

Whilst *Nature* grosser pieces move

In the course Road of common Love.

So bold, yet soft, his touches were,

So round each part, so sweet and fair,

That as his *Pencil* mov'd, Men thought it prest

The lively imitating rising Breast,

Which yields like Clouds, where little *Angels*
(rest!

The Limbs all easie, as his Temper was,

Strong as his *Mind*, and *Manly* too;

Large as his *Soul* his *Fancy* was, and New;

And from himself he copy'd ev'ry Grace,

For he had all that cou'd Adorn a *Face*,

All that cou'd either *Sex* subdue.

Each Excellence he had that *Touch* has in its
(pride,

And all experienc'd *Age* can teach;

At once the vig'rous *Fire* of this,

And ev'ry Virtue which that can express,

In all the height that both cou'd reach!

And yet (alas) in this perfection dy'd!

Dropt

Dropt like a Blossom with a *Northern* Blast,
 When all the scatter'd *Leaves* abroad are cast,
 As quick, as if his Fate had been in haste!

So have I seen an *unfit* Star
 Outshine the rest of all the num'rous Train,
 (As bright as that which guides the *Mariner*)

Dart swiftly from its darken'd Sphere,
 And ne'er shall light the *World* again!

Oh why shou'd so much Knowledge die?

Or with his last kind Breath,
 Why cou'd he not to some one *Friend* bequeath
 The mighty *Legacy*?

But 'twas a knowledge giv'n to him alone,
 That his Eterniz'd Name might be

Admird to all Posterity,

By all to whom his grateful Name was known;

Come all ye softer Beauties, come!

Bring *Wreaths* of *Flowers* to deck his *Tomb*,
 Mixt with the dismal *Cypress* and *Yew*,

For he still gave your *Charms* their due,
 And from the Injuries of *Age* and *Time*

Secur'd the sweetness of your prime,
 And best knew how t'adore that sweetness too;

Bring all your mournful *Tributes* here,
 And let your Eyes a silent sorrow wear,
 Till ev'ry *Virgin* for a while become
 Sad as his *Fate*, and like his *Pictures* dumb.

(13)

S A T Y R.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris aut carcere dignum
Sivis esse aliquis—— Indem sat.*

Suppos'd to be spoken by a Court Hector.
Pindarique.

NOW Curses on ye all, ye virtuons Fools,
Who think to fetter Free-born Souls,
And tye 'em up to dull Mortality and Rules;
The Stagyrite be damn'd, and all the Crew
Of learned Idiots, who his steps pursue:
And those most silly Profelites, whom his fond
(Precepts drew:
Or had his Ethicks been with their wild Author
(drown'd,
Or like a Fate, with those lost Writings found,
Which that grand Plagiary doom'd to Fire,
And made by unjust Flames expire,
They ne'er had then seduc'd Mortality,
Ne'er lusted to debauch the World with their
(lewd Pedantry.
But damn'd, and more (if Hell can do't) be that
(thrice cursed Name,
Whoe'er the Rudiments of Law design'd,
Whoe'er did the first Model of Religion frame,

And

And by that double *Vassalage* enthrall'd Man

By nought before but their own pow'r or will

Now quite abridg'd of all their Primitive Liberty

And *Slaves* to each capricious *Monarch's* Tyranny

More happy *Brutes*! who the great Rule of Sense

And ne'er from their First Charter swerve.

Happy whose Lives are meerly to enjoy,

And feel no stings of Sin, which may their Bliss

Still unconcern'd at *Epithets* of ill or good,

Distinctions unadulterate *Nature* never under-

2.

Hence, hated *Virtue*, from our goodly *Isle*;

No more our Joys beguile! (happy State,

No more with thy loath'd presence plague our

Thou *Enemy* to all that's brisk, or gay, or brave,

Be gone, with all thy pious meager *Train*,

To some unfruitful, unfrequented Land,

And there an *Empire* gain,

And there extend thy rigorous command:

There where illu'ral *Natures* Niggardice

Has set a *Tax* on *Vice*!

Where the lean barren Region does enhance

The worth of dear Intemperance,

And for each pleasurable Sin exacts Excise!

We (thanks to Heav'n) more cheaply can offend,

And want no tempting *Luxuries*,

No good convenient sinning opportunities.

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Pity so

Which *Natures* Bounty cou'd bestow, or *Heav'n's*
(Kindness lend!

Go follow that Nice *Goddeſs* to the Skies,
Who heretofore diſguſted an encreaſing Vice,
Diſlik'd the World, and thought it too profane;
And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne'er re-
(turn'd again :

Hence, to thoſe Airy Mansions rove,
Converſe with *Saints*, and holy *Flocks* above,
Thoſe may thy preſence wooe,
Whoſe lazy eaſe affords 'em nothing elſe to do :
Where haughty ſcornful I (company :
And my great Friends, will ne'er vouchſafe thee
Thou art now a hard unpracticable good,
Too difficult for *Fleſh* and *Blood*,
Were I all Soul, like them, perhaps I'd learn to
(practiſe thee.

3.

Virtue! thou ſolemn grave impertinence,
Abhorr'd by all the Men of *Wit* and *Senſe*,
Thou damn'd *Fatigue*! that clogg'd Life's Jour-
(ney here,
Tho' thou no weight of Wealth or Profit bear!
Thou pulling, fond, Green-ſickneſs of the Mind,
That makes us prove to our own ſelves unkind,
Whereby we *Coals* and *Dirt* for *Diet* chuſe,
And Pleaſures better Food reſuſe.
Curſt *Filt*! that lead'ſt deluded *Mortals* on
Till they too late perceive themſelves undone;
Chouſ'd by a Dowry in Reverſion!
The greateſt *Notary* thou e'er could'ſt boaſt,
Pity ſo brave a Soul was in thy ſervice loſt,
What

What wonders he in wickedness had done,
Whom thy weak pow'r cou'd so inspire alone!

Tho' long with fond Amours he courted thee,
Yet dying, did recant his vain Idolatry;
At length (tho' late) he did repent with shame,
Forc'd to confess thee nothing but an empty
(name:

So was the *Lecher* gull'd, whose haughty Love
Design'd a *Rape* on the *Queen Regent* of the Gods
(above.

When he a Goddess thought he had in chase,
He found a gaudy *Vapour* in the place,
And with thin Air beguil'd his starv'd embrace.

Idly he spent his *Vigor*! spent his *Blood*,
And tir'd himself t'oblige an unperforming Cloud

4.

If human kind to thee e'er Worship paid,

They were by Ignorance misled,
That only them devour, and thee a Goddess made:
Know hap'ly in the *Worlds* rude untaught In-
fancy,

Before it had outgrown its Childish Innocence,

Before it had arriv'd at sense, (bauchery:
Or reach'd the *Manhood*, and Discretion of De-
Known in those ancient, godly, duller times,
When crafty *Pagans* had engross'd all Crimes:

When *Christian Fools* were obstinately good,
Nor yet their Gospel-freedom understood.

Tame easie *Fops*, who cou'd so prodigally bleed,
To be thought *Saints*, and dye a Calendar with

No prudent *Heathen* e'er seduc'd cou'd be (red.
To suffer Martyrdom for thee

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Only that arrant Ass, whom the false Oracle call'd
 (No wonder if the *Devil* utter'd *Lies*) (wise:
 That sniv'ling *Puritan*, who 'spight of all the
 Wou'd be unfashionably good; [Mode
 And exercise his whining Gifts to rail at Vice,
 Him all the *Wits* of *Athens* damn'd,
 And justly with *Lampoons* defam'd:
 But when the mad *Phanatick* cou'd not silenc'd
 From broaching of Divinity, (be,
 The wise *Republick* made him for prevention dye,
 And kindly sent him to the *Gods*, and better
 (Company.

5.

Let fumbling Age be grave and wise,
 And *Virtues* poor contemn'd *Idea* prize,
 Who never knew, now art past the sweets of
 Whilst we whose Active Pulses beat (Vice;
 With lustful Youth and vig'rous heat,
 Can all their *Birds* and *Morals* too despise;
 Whilst my plump *Veins* are fill'd with Lust and
 Let not one thought of her intrude, (Blood,
 Or dare approach my *Breast*,
 But now 'tis all posselt
 By a more welcome Guest,
 And know, I have not yet the leisure to be good.
 If ever unkind *Destiny*
 Shall force long Life on me:
 If e'er I must the Curse of *Dotage* bear,
 Perhaps I'll dedicate those Dregs of Time to her,
 And come with *Crutches* her most humble *Votary*.
 When sprightly *Vice* retreats from hence,
 And quits the Ruins of decay'd Sense,
 She'll

She'll serve to usher in a fair pretence,
 And vanish with her Name a well dissembled
 (Impotence
 When *Phthisick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palsies*
 And all the *Bill of Maladies* (seize
 Which *Heav'n* to punish over-living *Morals*
 (sends;
 Then let her enter with th'num'rous *Infirmities*,
 Her self the greatest *Plague* which *Wrinkles* and
 (grey *Hairs* attends,

6.

Tell me, ye venerable *Sots*, who court her most,
 What small advantage can she boast,
 Which her great *Rival* has not in a greater store
 (engross'd

Her quiet, calm, and peace of Mind
 In Wine and Company we better find,
 Find it with Pleasure too combin'd :
 In mighty Wine, where we our Senses steep,
 And lull our *Cares* and *Consciences* asleep!
 But why do I that wild *Chimera* name?
Conscience ! that giddy *Airy Dream*,
 Which does from *Brainsick-Minds*, or ill-digested
 (ing *Stomachs*, stream

Conscience ! the vain fantassting Fear
 Of Punishments, we know not when or where
 Project of crafty *Statesmen*, to support weak Law,
 Whereby they Slavish *Spirits* awe,
 And dastard Souls to forc'd Obedience draw
 Grand *Wheedle* ! which our *Gown'd-Impostors*
 (use

The poor unthinking Rabble to abuse.

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Scarecrow, to fright from the forbidden Fruit of
Their own beloved *Paradise*; (Vice,

Let those vile *Canterers* Wickedness descry,

Whose Mercenary Tongues take pay

For what they say; (deny,

And yet commend in practice what their words

While we discerning Heads, who farther pry,

Their holy *Cheats* descry, (fy'd *Cajollery*.

And scorn their Frauds, and scorn their sancti-

None but dull unbred Fools discredit Vice,

Who act their Wickedness with an ill grace;

Such their Profession scandalize,

And justly forfeit all that praise,

All that esteem, that credit and applause

Which we by our wise *Manage* from a sin can

A true and brave Transgressor ought (raise.

To sin with the same height of Spirit *Cæsar*

(fought.

Mean-soul'd offenders now no honour gain,

Only Debauches of the Nobler strain;

Vice well improv'd, yields *Bliss*, and *Fame* beside,

And some for sinning have been Deify'd!

Thus the le vd Gods of old did move,

By these brave methods, to the Seats above:

Ev'n *Jove* himself the Sov'raign *Deity*,

Father, and *King* of all th' immortal Progeny,

Ascended to that high degree,

By Crimes above the reach of weak *Mortality*;

He *Heav'n* one large *Seraglio* made,

Each *Goddeß* turn'd a glorious *Punk* o'th' Trade,

And all the sacred place

Was fill'd with *Bastard Gods* of his own Race!

Almighty

Almighty *Lechery* got his first *Repute*,
And everlasting *Whoring* was his chiefest *Attri-*

8.

(base.

How gallant was that *Wretch*, whose happy guilt

A Fame upon the Ruins of a *Temple* built?

Let *Fools* (said he) *Impiety* alledge,

And urge the no great Fault of *Sacrilege*,

I'll set the sacred *Pile* on flame,

And in its *Ashes* write my lasting Name:

My Name! which thus shall be

Deathless as its own *Deity*!

Thus the vain-glorious *Carian* I'll outdo,

And *Egypt's* proudest Monarchs too;

Those lavish *Prodigals*, who idly did consume

Their Lives and Treasures to erect a *Tomb*,

And only great by being buried wou'd become.

At cheaper Rates than they I'll buy Renown,

And my loud Fame shall all their silent Glories

(drown.

So spake the daring *Hector*, so did prophesie,

And so it prov'd--- in vain did envous Fate

By fruitless methods try

To raise his well-built Fame and Memory

Amongst Posterity:

The *Beautifull* can now immortal write,

While the inglorious *Founder* is forgotten quite:

9.

Yet great was that mighty *Emperor*,

(A greater Crime befitted his high pow'r)

Who sacrific'd a *City* to a Jest,

And shew'd he knew the grand *Intrigues* of Hu-

(man best:

He

He made all *Rome* a *Bonfire* to his *Fame* !
And sung, and plaid, and danc'd amidst the *Flame*.

Bravely begun ! yet pity there he staid,
One step to glory more he should have made ;
He should have heav'd the noble *Frolick* higher,
And made the *People* on that *Fun'ral Pile* expire !
Or providently with their *Blood* put out the *Fire* !

Had this been done,
The utmost pitch of *Glory* he had won ;
No greater *Monument* could be,
To consecrate him to *Eternity* ;
Nor should there need another *Herald* of his

IO. (praise but me.

And thou yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our *Isle*,
Whom baffled *Hell* esteems its chiefest *Foil*,
(Twere injury shou'd I omit thy *Name*)
Whose action merits all the breath of *Fame* !
Methinks I see the trembling shades below
Around in humble *Rev'rence* bow,

Doubtful they seem, whether to pay their *Loyalty*
To their dread *Monarch*, or to thee : (cess,
No wonder he, grown jealous of thy fear'd suc-
Envy'd *Mankind* the honour of thy wickedness,
And spoil'd that brave attempt, which must have
(made his *Grandeur less*.

Howe'er regret not mighty *Ghost*,

Thy *Plot* by treach'rous *Fortune* crost,
Nor think thy well deserved glory lost ;

Thou the full praise of *Villany* shall ever share,
And all will judge thy *Act* compleat enough
(when thou cou'dst dare.

So thy great Master fear'd, whose high disdain
Contemn'd that *Heav'n*, where he cou'd not reign
When

When he with bold *Ambition* strove
 T' usurp the *Throne* above,
 And led against the *Deity* an armed Train;
 Though from his vast designs he fell,
 O'er power'd by's *Almighty* Foe,
 Yet gain'd he *Vict'ry* in his overthrow;
 He gain'd sufficient *Triumph*, that he durst rebel
 And 'twas some pleasure to be thought the
 (great'st in Hell)

II.

Tell me, ye great *Triumvirate*, what shall I do
 To be illustrious as you?
 Let your example move me with a *gen'rous* Fire;
 Let 'em into my daring thoughts inspire
 Somewhat compleatly wicked, some vast *Gyants*
 (Criminals)
 Unthought, unknown, unpattern'd by all past
 (and present time)
 'Tis done, 'tis done, methinks I feel the pow'rful
 (Charms)

And a new heat of *Sin* my Spirits warms:
 I travel with a glorious *Mischief*, for whose Birth
 My Soul's too narrow and weak, Fate too feeble
 (yet to bring it forth)

Let the unpitied *Vulgar* tamely go, (slowly)
 And flock for company the *wide Plantations* by
 Such their vile Souls for viler Barter sell,
 Scarce worth the *damning*, or their room in Hell
 We are its *Grande'es*, and expect as high preferment
 (ment there)

For our good service, as on Earth we share.

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them Sin is but a meer privative of good;
 The frailty and defect of *Flesh and Blood*;
 In us 'tis a perfection, who profess
 A studied and elaborate Wickedness:
 We're the great *Royal Society* of Vice,
 Whose Talents are to make Discoveries,
 And advance Sin, like other *Arts and Sciences*.
 'Tis I, the bold *Columbus*, only I,
 Who must new *Worlds* in Vice descry,
 And fix the *Pillars* of unpassable Iniquity.

12.

How *sneaking* was the first *Debauch* that sin'd;
 Who for so small a Sin sold *Human* kind!
 How undeserving that high place,
 To be thought *Parent* of our Sin and Race?
 Who by low guilt our Nature doubly did debase.
 Unworthy was he to be thought
 Father of the great *First-born Cain*, which he begot.
 The Noble *Cain*, whose bold and gallant Act
 Proclaim'd him of more high Extract:

Unworthy me,
 And all the braver part of his *Posterity*;
 Had the just Fates design'd me in his stead,
 I'd done some great and unexampled Deed;
 A Deed which shou'd decry
 The *Stoick's* dull Equality,
 And shew'd that Sin admits Transcendency:
 A deed, wherein the *Tempter* shou'd not share
 Above what *Heav'n* cou'd punish, and above
 (what he cou'd dare:

For greater Crimes than his I would have felt
 And acted somewhat which might merit more
 (than He)

The Nature of Women : A Satyr.

YE Sacred Nymphs of *Lebethra*, be by,
 While you, *POLYMNIA*, prompt me
 (Memory)

And all the rest inspire my weaker Tongue,
 Lest Woman should complain I do her wrong
 Woman! that Slave to her own Appetite,
 That does in nothing Just or Good delight;
 In vain would Man prescribe Laws to the Fool
 Whose Cruelty and Pride's her only Rule:
 Who ne'er considers what is Wrong or Right
 But all she does is meer Design or Spite;
 When she should run, she's aptest to sit still,
 Ready to fly to contradict Your Will;
 Her Temper so extravagant we find,
 She hates, or is impertinently kind;
 Wou'd she be grave, she then looks like a Devil
 And like a Fool, or Whore, when she'd be civil
 Can smile or weep, be foolish or seem wise,
 Or any thing, so she may Tyrannize:
 What she will now, anon she will not do,
 Had rather cross her self, than not cross you.

She has a prattling, vain, and double Tongue,
 Inconstant, Roving, and loves nothing long,
 Imperious, Bloody, is made up of Passion,
 She is the very Fire-brand of the Nation.

Contentious, Wicked, and not fit to trust,
 And Covetous, to spend it on her Lust;
 Her Passions are more fierce than Storms of
 (Wind;

The heavy Yoak, and Burthen of Mankind,
 Where e'er she comes, she Strife with her does

(bring,
 Her Life's but one entire Gossiping; (grows,

At which, with endless Talking, Drunk she
 And round about her, Scoffs and Slanders throws:

When she is Young, she whores herself for Sport,
 And when she's Old, the Bawds for her Support;

And in her Bawding no Exception makes,
 But a good Price for her own Daughter takes,

Who well instructed in her Mothers Tricks,
 May make her Mistress of a Coach and six:

Of the demurest Saint, she makes a Bitch
 Deny you nothing to be Great, or Rich;

Philters and Charms the Devil and all employ,
 Rather than not what she desires Enjoy:

She is a Snare, a Shamble, and a Stew's

Her Meat and Sauce, she does for Letch'ry

And does in Laziness delight the more, (chuse;
 Because by that she is provok'd to Whore:

Her Beauty and her Tongue, serve both one End,
 First to ensnare, and then betray her Friend;

She may defer the Punishment she gives,

But ne'er forget th' Injury she receives:

Ungrateful, Treach'rous, enviously enclin'd,
 Wild Beasts are tam'd, Floods easier confin'd,
 Than is her stubborn and rebellious Mind.
 Sh' exclaims, reproaches, one Friend to another
 And spares not her own Father, or her Mother
 Delights in all the Mischief she can do,
 Breaks all the Bonds of Love and Duty too ;
 False to her Promises, and best of Friends,
 Oblig'd by nothing but her own base Ends ;
 Deludes, defames you with her subtle Tricks,
 'Till something on your Reputation sticks.
 These are her Vertues, and her only Fears
 Are, that she shall not set you by the Ears ;
 To which ill Purpose, her false Tongue's employ'd
 In Whisp'ring will not do't she'll talk aloud ;
 Will spare no Pains to speak in your Dispraise,
 And can a Mole hill to a Mountain raise ;
 Hide Mischiefs where they are, find 'em where

(1 one

And, as Time serves, alter her Looks and Tone.
 Wouldst thou on Quickland for thy Safety walk
 Converse with *Woman*, and believe her Talk
 Wouldst thou a Serpent in thy Bosom bear,
 Then hug the Sorceress, entertain her there ;
 If all her Arts and Industry should fail,
 To ruin thee, her Malice would prevail ;
 If possible thy Senses she'd surprise,
 And even Cuckold thee before thy Eyes,
 And yet with Modesty the Fact would paint
 Has at her Beck the Devil and the Saint.

Wh

When the Time serves, she'll make things False
(seem True,

And Truths for Falshoods, would impose on you;
And by the Serpent taught when *Adam* fell,
Has learnt t' outdo the blackest Arts of Hell.

These sad Examples, which I here produce,
Serve to confirm they will no Crime refuse,
And that such Deeds as Cruelty would shun,
Have by their Hands, or for their Sakes, been
(done;

Tempted with Bracelets, which *K. Tallius* wore,
Besides an Itching which she had to Whore,
Tarpeia once the Capitol did sell,

To the paid Foe, by whose own Sword she fell,
And for her Treason was rewarded well.

Hellen that follow'd the Adulterer,
Twixt *Greece* and *Italy* fomented War;
For twice five Years the deadly Feud had burn'd,
When conquer'd *Troy* was into Ashes turn'd.

Semiramis, whose Hands in Blood were cloy'd,
With Murthering all the Men she had enjoy'd,
To set the petty Luxuries off the more,

For *Ninus* burn'd, who stabb'd th' incestuous
(Whore.

The cruel *Bellides* one Night did slay,
The unhappy Bridegroom on their Bosom lay;
But here a Miracle I must declare,

The only Mercy to the Sex we hear,
One of the Fifty did her Husband spare.

Such are the Mercies which we are to trust,
So dangerous is a Woman's Hate and Lust.

Rebecca did with Ven'son *Isaac* treat,
 Women seem kindest, when they mean to cheat,
 And so the poor Dim-sighted Man decciv'd,
 And *Eſau* of the Blessing ſhe bereav'd.
 Our Mother *Eve*, to please her liquorish Taſt,
 Did out of *Pa-adiſe* old *Adam* caſt,
 And they'll all help to damn us at the laſt.
 Shepherds, I do conjure you by my Love,
 And by the Rural Gods of every Grove,
 As you deſire your tender Flocks ſhould thrive,
 And you your ſelves in Peace and Safety live,
 That thoſe baſe Cattel from your Herds you
 (drive.)

Theſtilis, *Phillis*, and inconstant *Chloris*,
Nerea, *Galatea*, and *Lycoris* :
 Let 'em live like the unregarded Throng,
 No more the Subject of your Verſe and Song,
 On whoſe Injuſtice, you in vain exclaim'd,
 What Woman e'er had Grace to be reclaim'd,
 I now grown old, by long Experience Wiſe,
 Can ſet Things paſt to come before your Eyes.
 And from their Cheats can pluck off the Diſ-
 (guite.)

On a False Mistress.

Farewell, false Woman! know I'll ever be
A dumb Man to thy Sex, and dead to thee;
Thy Breath's infectious, and thy Presence brings
To me a Thousand sharp and bitter Stings.
Ye Powers above! why did you Woman make
Without an Angel, and within a Snake;
They're Hells chief Engine, by the Devil made
To heighten and enlarge his growing Trade;
The only Fiend on Earth, the Devil's Friend,
A Thousand Souls to Hell they daily send.
Methinks I hear the Gods cry out aloud,
And these Black Words came reeling through a
Beware false Woman, know she first began (Cloud,
To Ruin and Undo the State of Man.
Yet for Revenge I'll now resolve to be
A damn'd dissembling Lover, just like Thee:
But all my Business with so vile a Creature,
Shall be, as Men with Close-stools, to ease Nature.
Blest is the Man, and happy is his State,
That loves a Woman at no other Rate.

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS, a SATYR.

AT Five this Morn, when *Phæbus* rais'd his Head
From *Thetis* Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed;
And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
The Rendezvous of Fools, Buffoons and Praters,
Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and
(Daughters.

My squeamish Stomach I with Wine had brib'd,
To undertake the Dose that was prescrib'd;
But turning Head, sudden curs'd Crew,
That innocent Provision overthrew, (spew;
And without drinking, made me purge and
From Coach and fix a Thing unweildy roll'd,
Whom Lumber-Cart more decently would hold;
As wise as Calf it look'd, as big as Bully,
But handled, prov'd a meer Sir *Nich'las Cully*;
A Bawling Fop, a *Natural Nokes*, and ye',
He dar'd to censure, to be thought a Wit.

To make him more ridiculous in spite,
Nature contriv'd the Fool should be a Knight.
How wise is Nature, when she does dispense
A large Estate to cover want of Sense.

The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no Matter,
For he's a mighty Wit with those that flatter,
But a poor Block-head is a wretched Creature.

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" Grant the unlucky Stars, this o'er grown Boy

" To purchase some aspiring pretty Toy,

" That may his want of Sense and Wit supply,

" As buxom Crab-fish doth his Lechery ;

Tho' he alone was dismal Sight enough,

His Train contributed to set him off,

All of his Shape, all of the self same Stuff,

No Spleen or Malice could on them be thrown,

Nature had done the Business of Lampoon,

And in their Looks their Characters were

(shown,

Endeavouring this Irksome Sight to baulk,

And a more Irksome Noise, their silly Talk ;

I silently slunk down to th' Lower Walk,

But often, when one would *Charybdis* shun,

Down upon *Scylla* 'tis our Fate to run ;

For there it was my cursed Luck to find

As great a Fop, tho' of another kind.

A tall stiff Fool, that walk'd in Spanish Guise,

The Buckram Poppet never stir'd his Eyes,

But Grave as Owl he look'd, as Woodcock Wise.

He scorns the empty Talk of this mad Age,

And speaks all Proverb, Sentence, and Adage :

Can with as much Solemnity buy Eggs,

As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues ;

Master of Ceremonies, yet can't dispense,

With the Formality of talking Sense.

From whence unto the Upper Walk I came,

Where a new Scene of Foppery began ;

A Tribe of Curates, Priests, Canonical Elves,

Fit Company for none beside themselves,

Were got together; each his Distemper told,
 Scurvy, Stone, Strangu'ry, some were so bold,
 To charge the Spleen to be their Misery,
 And on that wise Disease lay Infamy.
 But none had Modesty enough t'expain
 His want of Learning, Honesty, or Brain,
 The general Diseases of that Train.
 These call themselves Ambassadors of Heaven,
 And saucily pretend Commissions given:
 But should an *Indian King*, whose small Com-

(in and

Seldom extends beyond ten Miles of Land,
 Send forth such wretched Fools on an Embassage,
 He'd find but small Effects of such a Message.
 List'ning, I found the Cob of all this Rabble,
 Pert * *Bayes*, with his Importance comfortable,
 He being rais'd to an Arch-Deaconry,
 By trampling on Religion, Liberty,
 Was grown so great, & lo. k'd too Fat & Jolly
 To be disturb'd with Care and Melancholy,
 Tho' *Marvel* had enough expos'd his Folly.
 He drank to carry off some old Remains,
 His lazy dull Distemper left in's Brains;
 Let him drink on, but 'tis not a whole Flood
 Can give sufficient Sweetness to his Blood,
 To make his Nature or his Manners good.

" *Importance* drank too, tho' she had been no

(Sinner,

" To wash away some Dregs he had spew'd in

(here

* PARKER.

Next

Next after these, a fulsom *Irish* Crew
Of silly *Macks* were offer'd to my View;
The Things did talk, but hearing what they said,
I hid my self, the Kindness to evade.

Nature had plac'd these Wretches beneath scorn,
They can't be call'd so vile as they are born.

Amidst the Crowd, next I my self convey'd,
For now there comes, White-wash and Paint
(being laid,

Mother and Daughter, Mistress and the Maid,
and Squire, with Wig and Pantaloons display'd.

But ne'er could Conventicle, Play, or Fair,
For a true Medly, with this Herd compare.

Here Lords, Knights, Squires, Ladies and Coun-
(tesses,

Chandlers and barren Women, Sempstresses,
Were mix'd together, nor did they agree,

More in their Humours than their Quality.

Here waiting for Gallant young Damsel stood
Leaning on Cane, and muffled up in Hood.

The would-be Wits, whose Business was to woe,
With Hat remov'd, and solemn Scrape of Shoe,
Advances bowing, then Gentilely shrugs,

And ruff'd Fore-top into Order tugs;

And thus acosts her: *Madam, methinks the Wea-*
(ther

Is grown much more serene, since you came hither;

You influence the Heavens, but should the Sun

Withdraw himself, to see his Rays outdone

By your bright Eyes, they could supply the Morn,

And make a Day, before the Day be born.

(156)

With Mouth screw'd up, conceited winking
(Eyes

And Breast thrust forwards, *Lard, Sir,* (she replies)

It is your Goodness and not my Deserts,

Which makes you show this Learning, Wit, and Parts.

He puzzled bites his Nails, both to display

The sparkling Ring, and think what next to say,

And thus breaks forth afresh, *Madam, Egad*

Your Luck at Cards last Night was very bad,

At Cribbage Fifty nine and the next Show,

To make the Game, and yet to want those Two ;

G—D— me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,

If in my Life I saw the like before.

To Pedlar's Stall he drags her, and her Breast

With Hearts and such-like Foolish Toys he drest,

And then more smartly to expound the Riddle

Of all his Prattle, gives her a Scotch Fiddle.

Tir'd with this dismal Stuff, away I ran,

Where were two Wives, with Girl just fit for
(Man,

Shortbreath'd, with palled Lips, & Visage wan.

Some Courtesies past, and the old Compliment,

Of being glad to see each other, spent,

With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,

And one began thus to renew the Talk,

I pray, Good Madam, if it mayn't be thought

Rudeness in me, what Cause has hither brought

Your Ladiship ? She soon replying, smil'd,

We've got a good Estate, but have no Child ;

And I'm inform'd, th'se Wells will make a Barren
Woman as Fruitful as a Coney Warre.

The

The First return'd, For this Cause I am come,
 For I can have no Quietness at Home;
 My Husband grumbles, tho' we have got one,
 This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son:
 And this is griev'd with Head-Ach, Pangs and
 (Throws,

Is full Sixteen, and never yet had Those.
 She soon reply'd, Get her a Husband, Madam;
 I marry'd about that Age, and ne'er had had 'em,
 Was just like her, Steel Waters let alone,
 A Back of Steel will better bring them down.
 And Ten to One, but they themselves will try
 The same Means to increase the Family.

Poor silly Fribble, who by Subtilty
 Of Midwife, truest Friend to Lechery,
 Perswaded art to be at Pains and Charge,
 To give thy Wife Occasion to enlarge
 Thy silly Head, for here walks Cuff and Kick,
 With Brawny Back, and Legs, and Potent, &c.
 Who more substantially can cure thy Wife,
 And on her half-dead Womb bestow new Life,
 From these the Waters got their Reputation,
 Of good Assistants unto Propagation.

Some warlike Men were now got intoth' Throng
 With Hair ty'd Back, singing a Bawdy Song:
 Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,
 And 'twas my Chance to know the dreadful
 (Crew;

They were Cadets, that seldom can appear,
 Damn'd to the Stint of Thirty Pounds a Year;
 With Hawk on Fiff, and Grey-houndled in Hand,
 The Dog and Foot-Boys, sometimes to command;
 And

And now having trim'd a cast off Spavin'd Horse,
 With Three Half-pence for Guineas in their Purse,
 Two Rusty Pistols, Scarfe about their Arse,
 Coat lin'd with Red, they here presume to swell,
 This goes for Captain, that for Colonel :
 So the Bear-garden Ape, on his Steed mounted,
 No longer is a Jackanapes accounted,
 And is, by Virtue of his Trumpery, then
 Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman :
 Bless me! thought I, what Thing is Man, that
 (thus

In all his Shapes is so ridiculous ?
 Our selves with Noise of Reason we do please,
 In vain Humanity is our worst Disease ;
 Thrice happy Beasts are, who because they be
 Of Reason void, are so of Foppery.
 " Faith, I was so asham'd, that with Remorse,
 " I us'd the Insolence to mount my Horse,
 " For he, doing only Things fit for his Nature,
 " Did seem to me by much the wiser Creature.

W O M A N's Usurpation.

W O m a n was made M a n's Sovereignty to
 (own,

And he as Monarch, was to rule alone ;
 She was his Vassal made, to dread
 The Angry Frowns of M a n, her Lord and Head.
 Heaven

Heaven did to him the Power delegate,
 O'er all the Universe he made him Great;
 His Power did the largest Scepter sway,
 The whole Creation did his Laws obey.
 No Limits there were set to his Commands,
 Tygers and Lyons lick'd his Sacred Hands,
 And Savage Monsters gloried in his Bands;
 The Legislative Power was fixt in him,
 Just Man, 'till *Woman* tempted him to sin.
 The Sun no sooner had began his Course,
 Spreading his Gaudy Beams o'er the Universe;
 Nature her self was hardly fust awake;
 The Planets did their Motions rarely make:
 The Azure Orb, in which there's finely set,
 The Glitt'ring Stars, scarce knew their Architect;
 Air, Water, Earth, and Fire, did hardly find
 Themselves pure Elements, and were inclin'd
 To mix in Composition of each kind.
 Man scarce had seen the first Resplendent Light,
 E'er *Woman* brought forth everlasting Night;
 Damn'd *Pride* invited her at first to sin,
 Ambition then the Devil usher'd in.
 Those for Ten thousand more have Inlets made,
 And now she's Mistress of the Devil's Trade,
 She'll Tempt, Lie, Cozen, Swear, Betray, and
 (Cheat;
 Hell's Blackest Arts Ten thousand Times repeat:
 She will no longer in Subjection stand,
 But Man must truckle to her harsh Command.

Toss'd

Toss'd with Tempestuous Storms of Haughty
 (Pride, }
 Disorder'd Motions, all her Passions guide,
 'Till she destroys her Loving Lord and Bride. }
 How many sad Examples do we find }
 Of Husbands murder'd by the Female Kind, }
 Such are the Effects of their aspiring Mind. }
 No Laws, nor Goodness, could her Thoughts deter,
 And Satan was foretall'd in seeing her;
 From all Diviner Edicts out she flew, (knew;
 And swell'd with Cursed Pride, no Compass
 Such is the Rage of her infected Mind,
 She Damns the Race and Stock of Poor Mankind.
 And stinking Brimstone is the sweetest Scent
 That burns, whilst Devils guard her Sable Tent,
 Resolv'd to execute and ne'er repent,
 What'er her wicked Malice can invent :
 Since Heaven's Sacred Laws cannot restrain
 Thy Will, and threat'ned Vengeance is in vain,
 Since to live Peaceful is thy greatest Pain;
 Proceed, and then you'll Queen of Devils reign.

A Satyr against Marriage.

Husband, thou dull unpitied Miscreant,
 Wedded to Noise, to Misery and Want :
 Sold an Eternal Vassal for thy Life,
 Oblig'd to Cherish and to Hate thy Wife.

Drudge

Drudge on 'till Fifty at thy own Expence,
 Breathe out thy Life in one Impertinence.
 Repeat thy Loath'd Embraces every Night,
 Prompted to Act by Duty, not Delight.
 Christen thy froward Bantling once a Year.
 And carefully thy Spurious Issue rear.
 Go once a Week to see the Brat at Nurse,
 And let the young Impostor drain thy Purse.
 Hedge-Sparrow like, what Cuckows have begot,
 Do thou maintain, Incorrigible Sot.
 O! I could Curse the Pimp (Who could do less?)
 He's beneath Pity, and beyond Redress.
 Pox on him, let him go, what can I say?
Anathema's on him are thrown away: (worst,
 The Wretch is Marry'd, and hath known the
 And his great Blessing is, He can't be Curst.
Marriage! O Hell and Furies, name it not,
 Hence, hence, ye Holy Cheats, a Plot, a Plot!
Marriage! 'Tis but a Licenc'd Way to Sin,
 A Noose to catch Religious Woodcocks in:
 Or the Nick-Name of Love's Malicious Fiend,
 Begot in Hell to persecute Mankind.
 'Tis the Destroyer of our Peace and Health,
 Mispenders of our Time, our Strength, and Wealth,
 The Enemy of Valour, Wit, Mirth, all
 That we can Virtuous, Good, or Pleasant call.
 By Day 'tis nothing but an endless Noise,
 By Night the Eccho of forgotten Joys:
 Abroad the Sport and Wonder of the Crowd,
 At Home the Hourly Breach of what they vow'd.
 In Youth it's *Opium* to our Lustful Rage,
 Which sleeps a while, but wakes again in Age.
 It

It heaps on all Men much, but useless, Care,
 For with more Trouble they less happy are.
 Ye GODS! That Man, by his own Slavish Law,
 Should on himself such Inconvenience draw.
 If he would wiser Nature's Laws obey,
 Those chalk him out a far more Pleasant Way,
 When lusty Youth and flagrant Wine conspire,
 To fan the Blood into a Generous Fire.
 We must not think the Gallant will endure
 The Puissant Issue of his Callenture,
 Nor always in his single Pleasures burn,
 Tho' Nature's Hand-maid sometimes serves the
 (turn.
 No, he must have a sprightly youthful Wench,
 In equal Floods of Love his Flames to quench,
 One that will hold him in her clasping Arms,
 And in that Circle all his Spirits Charms,
 That with new Motion, and unpractis'd Art,
 Can raise his Soul, and reinsnare his Heart.
 Hence spring the Noble, Fortunate and Great,
 Always begot in Passion, and in Heat.
 But the Dull Offspring of the *Marriage* Bed,
 What is it! but a Human Piece of Lead;
 A Sottish Lump ingender'd of all Ills;
 Begot like Cats, against their Father's Wills?
 If it be Bastardiz'd, 'tis doubly spoil'd,
 The Mothers Fears intail'd upon the Child.
 Thus whether Illegitimate or not,
 Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
 Let no enabled Soul himself Debase
 By Lawful Means to Bastardize his Race;

But if he must pay Nature's Debt in kind,
 To check his eager Passion, let him find
 Some willing Female out, what tho' she be
 The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy;
 Tho' she be Linley-Woolsey, Baud and Whore,
 Close-stool to *Venus*, Nature's Common-shore,
 Impudent, Foolish, Bawdy, and Disease,
 The Sunday Crack of Suburb Prentices;
 What then! she's better than a Wife by half,
 And if thou'rt still unmarried, thou art safe.
 With Whores thou can't but venture; what
 thou'lt lost,
 May be redeem'd again with Care and Cost;
 But a Damn'd Wife, by inevitable Fate,
 Destroys Soul, Body, Credit, and Estate.

*The First SATTR of Juvenal
 Imitated.*

Semper ego Auditor tantum, &c.

MUST I with Patience ever silent sit,
 Perplex'd with Fools who will believe
 (they've Wit ?
 Must I find every Place by *Coxcombs* seiz'd,
 Hear their affected Nonsense, and seem pleas'd ?

Must

Must I meet *Henningham* where e'er I go,
Arp. Arran, Villain *Franck*, nay *Poultney* too?
 Shall *Hewet* pertly crawl from Place to Place,
 And scabby *Villers* for a Beauty pass?
 Shall *How* and *Brandon* Politicians prove,
 And *Southerland* presume to be in Love?
 Shall Pimping *Dencourt* patient Cuckolds blame,
Lumley and *Savage* 'gainst the Pope disclaim?
 Who can abstain from *Satyr* in this Age?
 What Nature wants, I find supply'd by Rage.
 Some do for Pimping, some for Treach'ry rise;
 But none's made Great for being Good or Wise.
 Deserve a Dungeon if you would be Great,
 Rogues always are our Ministers of State,
 Mean prostrate Bitches, for a *Bridewell* sit,
 With *England's* wretched Queen, must equal sit,
Ranelagh and fearful *Mulgrave* are prefer'd,
 Virtue's commended, but ne'er meets Reward
 May I ne'er be like these, I'll ask no more,
 I would not be the Men to have their Power.
 Who'd be a Monarch, to endure the Prating
 Of *Nell* and sawcy *Oglethorp* in Waiting?
 Who would *Souhampton's* driv'ling Cuckold be?
 Who would be *T——*, and bear his Infamy?
 What Wretch would be *Green's* base begotten Son?
 Who would be *James*, out-witted and undone?
 Who'd be like *Sunderland*, a cringing Knave?
 Like *Hallifax* wise, like Borish *Pembrook* brave?
 Who'd be that patient *Bardash Shrowsbury*,
 Or who would *Frazier's* chatt'ring *Mordent* be?
 Who'd be a Wit in *Dryden's* cudgel'd Skin?
 Or who'd be safe and senseless, like *Tom Thinn*.

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A SATYR.

Nobilitas sola atque unica virtus est.

NOT *Rome* in all her Splendor could com-
(pare,
With those great Blessings happy *Britains* share,
Vainly they boast their Kings of Heavenly Race,
A King incarnate *England's* Throne does grace,
Chaste in his Pleasures, in Devotion grave,
To his Friends constant, to his Foes he's brave,
His Justice is through all the World admir'd,
His Word held Sacred, and his Scepter fear'd.
No Tumults do about his Palace move,
Freed from Rebellion by his People's Love:
Nor do we less in Counsels wise prevail,
As all our late Transactions loudly tell.
Not only Prerogations good create,
But th' adjour'd Play-House is a *Coup d'Etat*.
So learned *Chymists*, when they long have try'd
For Secrets, thrifty Nature fain would hide,
In basest Matters often Spirits find,
Which Providence for greater Use design'd;
But who can wonder at such vast Success,
Our *Cato* S—— ne'er promis'd less.

Abroad

Abroad in Embassies he first was fam'd,
 Where he so strictly *England's* Rights maintain'd.
 At home an humble Creature to her Grace,
 And Mrs. W — preferr'd him to the Place.

Then for Commanders both by Sea and Land,
Tork, who thrice chang'd his Ships through War-
 (like Rage,

And *Monmouth*, who's the *Scipio* of the Age,
 The first long Admiral, but more renown'd
 For Pox and Popery, than publick Wound.
 This is the Man, whose Vice each Satyr feeds,
 And for whom no one Virtue intercedes:
 Destin'd for *England's* Plague, from infant Time,
 Curt with a Person F — than all Crime.

But mightier Kings than these do still remain, }
Plimonth, who lately shew'd upon the Plain, }
 And did by *Hewit's* Fall immortal Honour gain. }
 So Mouse and Frog came gravely to the Field,
 Both fear'd to fight, and yet both scorn'd to yield;
 Their famous *Billet Deux* and Duel prove
 Them both as fit for Combat as for Love.

Amongst all these, 'twere not amiss to name
Poultney, to whom *St. Omers* Siege gave Fame.

Nor do Wits less our polish'd Court adorn,
 Than Men of Prowess for Achievements born.
 Romantick M — t, who in empty Lines
 His happier Rival tediously defines;
 That well knew how to value painted Toys,
 And left the Tartar to be catch'd by Boys :
 But his chief Talent is in Histories,
 Which of himself he tells, and always lies.

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Daincourt would fain be thought both Wit and
(Bully,

But Funk-rid *R*—— not a greater Cully.

Nor tawdry *Isbam*, intimately known

To all pex'd Whores and famous Rooks in Town

No Ladies, my respectful Muse will name,

She thinks it blasphemy to touch their Fame.

Safe may they live, who faithful are, and kind,

But may lewd Scowerers no Redemption find.

May Young and Old incessantly give Thanks

For that blest Nursery of Intrigue, *Mill-Banks*.

May *Lester-Fields* repair their Matron's Fall, }

But still subscribe in Feasts of Love toth' *Mall*, }

And Mrs. *Stafford* yield to B—— Hall. }

The

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*The Commons Petition to King
Charles II.*

IN all Humanity we crave,
Our Sovereign may be our Slave;
And humbly beg, that he may be
Betray'd by us most Loyally.
And if he please once to lay down
His Scepter, Dignity, and Crown,
We'll make him, for the Time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

The King's Answer.

Charles at this Time having no Need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

FINIS.

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